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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. **T**HE Home Rule Bill debate on *Friday* week was respectable and not uninteresting, but scarcely important. Mr. DUNBAR BARTON, who was speaking at the adjournment, attacked the Bill with effect from the point of view of what SWIFT used to call "the true English people of Ireland"; Mr. STANSFELD was "nationalitarian" in the feeble old fashion of the fifties; Mr. BRODRICK, taking a useful cue from his special official knowledge, discussed the subject from the point of view of finance and War Office administration; Mr. HALDANE, talking a language which English knows not, said that the country had given a "mandate" for Home Rule, and had the fact subsequently turned inside out for him by Mr. KIMBER; some other members spoke, and the adjournment saw Mr. PAUL assuming that "Irishmen were reasonable people." Mr. PAUL evidently does not agree with the sentiment *Hypotheses non fingo*. For ourselves, we prefer facts to assumptions, and history to the celebrated comedy of *The Supposes*.

When the debate on the Incubus was resumed on *Monday*, Mr. PAUL admitted that, if Ulster were oppressed, Ulster would have a right to rebel. But why put Ulster in the way of being oppressed? Then the House filled to hear Mr. CHAMBERLAIN speak, which he did at very great length. His speech, though not in his most aggressive manner, was one of the most searching to which the Incubus has yet been subjected, and was more than once interrupted; the interrupters, from Mr. SWIFT McNEILL through Mr. REDMOND to Mr. GLADSTONE, having occasion invariably to be "sorry they spoke." Indeed, Mr. GLADSTONE had subsequently to rise and beslaver the memory of Mr. PARNELL, lest the Parnellites should desert on the spot—in so awkward a position had Mr. CHAMBERLAIN landed him. The chief speech later, on the same side, was Mr. PLUNKER'S, which was eloquent as usual. On the other Mr. MCCARTHY spoke with much amiability and perhaps a very little anility; Mr. REDMOND in that variety of the candid-friendly tone where the candour is a maximum and the friendliness a minimum; and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN in the style which is now too familiar, and which we are loth to qualify by the single epithet which properly describes it.

On *Tuesday* the debate recollapsed (if we may be

permitted a new verb which is perfectly regular and correct in form, and very much wanted in cases of long debates and other lingering complaints of bodies, individual and politic). Its liveliest passage occurred (as was fitting on an Irish subject) before it began. Mr. ASQUITH'S attempts to minimize the mischief which his license to disorder had caused in Trafalgar Square had interest, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S resumption of the personal question between himself, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Mr. REDMOND the day before (see above) had more. It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was able to give chapter and verse for the opinions he had attributed to these two persons, though (which also would go almost without saying) Mr. REDMOND lamely and Mr. GLADSTONE angrily tried to back out of their own words. Then came the debate proper. Mr. DAVITT (whose speech has been received by Gladstonians with premeditated ecstasy) was quarrelled with for using written notes, which was unkind in the case of an honourable member whose fondness for the pen is matter of history; Mr. T. W. RUSSELL devoted himself chiefly to smashing the absurd "safe-guards" of the Bill, and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL once more exhibited the ostensible confidence (which in his and some other cases we should be loth to believe insincere, but which if sincere is quite incomprehensible) that a "be it enacted" in an Act of Parliament will make whole classes and nations of men behave in some way quite different to that in which they always have behaved, and in which human beings are sure to behave.

Wednesday's debate was again dull. Mr. ASQUITH was bated and whispering in reply to Mr. KEIR HARDIE'S demands to know why the Hull strikers had not been allowed to "bash" blacklegs without military interference. But the Knight of Labour failed to get his forty supporters for the adjournment of the House. The chief speakers for the Bill were Mr. ROUNDELL and Mr. E. J. C. MORTON—interesting specimens of University prig (Old Style) and the University prig (New Style). Mr. ROUNDELL made parallels between Ireland and Jamaica, where he drew a good bow in the old, old days. Pray Heaven that those who talk about Lord SALISBURY and Hottentots may not accuse him of calling the Irish plantation niggers! Mr. E. J. C. MORTON was "eloquent," and obliged with the "winters on Mr. GLADSTONE'S head," and "fiery

"fights," and "noble lives," and all the properties of *Enfield's Speaker*. Mr. GRAHAM MURRAY made a sensible speech on the other side, dwelling chiefly on the "Demi M.P." scheme.

Nor can it be said that the actual debate on *Thursday* was much livelier. Mr. CHAPLIN showed that we, too, can be eloquent; Mr. JOHN REDMOND accepted the Bill as a "compromise" (which is the cruellest and most damaging thing that can be said of it; for, if it is not final, it is worse than nothing); Mr. WALLACE was *sae wutty* that his speech ought to have been punctuated by himself with the "hoch! hoch! ho!" of the great Mr. McDow in *Destiny*; and Mr. COURTNEY was sensible, but a little cross-benchy. Earlier Mr. GLADSTONE had refused Mr. LABOUCHERE's modest demand for the closure. Indeed, why should he grant it? He has his majority—his Forty Thieves safe in their jars (till MORGIANA comes, which she may)—his Forty Geese ready, not to guard, but to betray, the Capitol. Why hurry?

Politics out of Parliament. The extra-Parliamentary speaking of Friday week was widespread, but perhaps no part of it needs special notice, except two speeches of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's at Liverpool. One of these was delivered in the Chamber of Commerce, and so vexed the few Irish members thereof that they put up their Mr. NEVILLE to denounce it.

Some light was thrown on the various dummy Bills which the Government have brought in to buy votes for Home Rule in the course of an interview between a deputation on the Local Veto Bill and Mr. R. K. CAUSTON, who is a Ministerial understrapper. Mr. CAUSTON is reported to have remarked of this Bill, for which his chiefs are responsible, that if it were read a second time it would be so overhauled in Committee as totally to transform its scope. Mr. CAUSTON's notions of the functions of Government Bill drafting are very curious and interesting indeed.

The principal item in the Tuesday morning's history of the crusade against the Incubus was a speech by Mr. MATTHEWS to a large gathering at Olympia (not "Elis, Greece," but "London, England"). The Civil Service schedule of the said Incubus was issued, and the agitators against Railway Rates raised their heads once more.

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL spoke twice at Perth on Wednesday, the chief speech, in the evening, being directed straight against Scotch GLADSTONE-worship, on which it brought no light battery to bear. The Postmaster-General, Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY, spoke on the other side at Nottingham, being almost the first exception to the wise apparent resolve of the Gladstonian leaders that on this matter silence is *most* golden.

Next day, plucking up courage perhaps from Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY's example, Mr. ACLAND, Lord RIPON, Mr. SHAW LEFÈVRE, and other Separatists addressed meetings; but the balance of platform speaking was still to Unionist credit. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, supported by Mr. MATTHEWS, made a vigorous attack on the Bill at Birmingham; and Mr. GOSCHEN was no less vigorous at Manchester; while Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL followed up his Perth speech at Birnam. A dinner, chairmanned by Lord ROSEBERRY, was given to Sir R. W. DUFF on his departure for Australia.

Mr. GLADSTONE, on Thursday, received an influential deputation of the Imperial Federation League, was quite civil to them, but of course pointed out how important Home Rule is.

Ireland. Mr. BALFOUR's performance at Dublin on Saturday was one of the pluckiest and most successful recently achieved by any English statesman. The speech in the Leinster Hall was itself a very good one, not mincing matters as to the imminent danger of civil war, and covering every part of the Bill with

the contemptuous indignation which it deserves. It was very warmly received, and the Nationalists did not succeed in getting up any serious opposition within doors. But the torchlight procession through the streets which followed was far more remarkable. The great majority of the Dublin roughs must, we fear, be allowed to be anti-Loyalist, and they supported their opinions with stones and soda-water bottles. But Mr. BALFOUR was escorted right through them at a leisurely pace, and afterwards addressed the crowd from the balcony of Lord IVEAGH's house, with great applause, and no damage except to his host's plate-glass. The attempt to pooh-pooh the performances at Belfast as those of a "cock crowing on his own dunghill" was idle enough; but it was impossible here, and we observe that the wiser English Gladstonians say as little about Mr. BALFOUR as they can. Indeed, in England, Scotland, and Ireland alike the word "Mum" seems to have been passed to the Ministerialists on the subject. On Monday the Dublin Corporation, by 45 to 10, resolved to petition in favour of the Home Rule Bill; but the Nationalist majority appeared to be as much disgusted with the financial clauses as the Loyalist minority. Nor was Irish Loyalist effort exhausted by these displays; for on Wednesday a great Unionist demonstration was held at Cork, in the enemy's country, which was attended by Lord LONDONDERRY, and supported by almost all the *gens de bien* of the South of Ireland.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. Last Friday week Lord ROBERTS was entertained at the Bynulla Club, Bombay, and made some remarks on frontier defence and the loyalty of the native princes. Mr. STEVENSON's friend, Herr VON CEDERCRANTZ, the Chief Justice of Samoa, had resigned; and Sir JOHN THURSTON had protested that he had no dark designs on Mr. STEVENSON.

On Monday the departure of Lord ROBERTS from India, after a tenure of the Commandership-in-Chief which we notice more fully elsewhere, was reported. The Currency question and its financial appurtenances were still absorbing attention. A rather remarkable circular had been issued in France by the Union Républicaine on the recent "paralysis of Parliament." M. DEVELLE had had to make a grovelling apology to the German Government for the expulsion of Herr KURTZ, the veterinary surgeon. Some nations would be furious at this; but it is to be feared that Frenchmen will be more pleased at the expulsion than annoyed at the apology. There were blizzards, monster waves, and prairie fires in America; also (it seemed to be at last confessed) Belgians on the Nile.

On Tuesday morning it was announced that some of the fires on board the *Howe* had been lighted, and the engines were little the worse for their bath. OSMAN DIGNA had given signs of life at Tokar, but had lost twelve of his own men to no Egyptians; the Kachins were once more troublesome in Burmah, and some Zanzibar Arabs had been caught kidnapping under that French flag which is the slaver's palladium. In Hungary, a discharged servant (a cellarman, too, whose ingenuous art should have softened his manners) had run amuck at the Cardinal-Primate VASZARY, and seriously wounded his Secretary. The workmen engaged on the Chicago Exhibition had struck.

On Wednesday the Chicago strike had collapsed; the Kachin rising was more serious; Nova Scotia had read a Women's Franchise Bill a second time; the Belgium Chamber had rejected Universal Suffrage by 115 to 26 (sensible as well as *braves Belges*!)

The telegrams of Thursday stated that the Behring Sea Arbitrators had decided on the admissibility of the British supplementary case in an ingenious spirit of compromise. It might not be put in as such, but might be used *ad libitum* in the pleadings. There had been cyclones and "cloud-bursts" in America,

strikes in Belgium, and a French squadron at Alexandria. Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria, and that very stark man, M. STAMBOULOFF, had been well received at Vienna. Another Australian bank (the English, Scottish, and Australian Chartered) had suspended payment. There was news, and good news, from Bishop TUCKER in Uganda. The fish at Hongkong "were" "stupid, and allowed themselves to be caught by hand," as easily as if they had been Gladstonian electors. But the ox had not yet spoken.

Yesterday's news included a visit from King HUMBERT to HER MAJESTY; the rejection of M. CHARLES DE LESSEPS's appeal by the Court of Cassation; some rioting by the tag-rag of Brussels, to show how fit they are for the Suffrage; and the docking—but not yet dry-docking—of the *Howe*.

Nonconformist. Last Saturday a demonstration in Hyde Park Martyrs took place in honour of the tercentenary of the "Martyrdom" of certain Nonconformists, named GREENWOOD, PENRY, and BARROW, of whom it is probable that the average Englishman has never heard. Indeed, so little appears to be known even by those who talk about them, that one speaks of PENRY as "author of" the famous tract *Martin Marprelate*, which is rather worse than saying "author of the famous letter *Louis de Montalte*." Those who do know know that PENRY, though possibly a well-meaning person, was a firebrand and a user of seditious, if not treasonable, language; while BARROW was one of those amiable enthusiasts who seem to think that the whole duty of Christians is to be rude to a bishop. These qualities did greatly and naturally please Mr. THOMAS ELLIS, M.P., and the Reverend Doctor CLIFFORD.

Racing. The Epsom Spring Meeting opened on Tuesday with rather a nasty day, but some good racing, the principal event, the Great Metropolitan—a race now shorn of its former importance, but still interesting—going to Madame Neruda II., who won well from Seaton Delaval and White Feather. This, however, was in sufficient accordance with expectation. It was different next day in the City and Suburban, where Mr. TAYLOR's King Charles, starting at 33 to 1, beat Windgall, the favourite, by a head, after a very good race.

The Law Courts. On Tuesday, at the Central Criminal Court, a worthy of the name of JAMES VAUGHAN, who, it seems, is known in his profession as "the 'gentleman burglar,'" was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment for eight jobs, a punishment which, methinks, does not exceed the offence.—On Wednesday Mr. Justice KEKEWICH gave one of those decisions which, though no doubt in accordance with law, exhibit the extreme hardness and inexpediency of our present trustee arrangements, and show the importance of making all trusteeship official. For he made Lord POULETT, Lord DORCHESTER, and another liable for deficiencies arising from a mortgage which they had taken on the best expert advice, but which had been affected by the depreciation of land.

The London County Council. A very satisfactory bye-election for the London County Council was held at Clapham on Tuesday, a sufficient number of rate-payers waking up from their apathy to send Colonel ROTTON to the Council in the place of the much-misunderstood Mr. HENDERSON. This is a breach, if a little one, in the majority which misgoverns London. On the same day Mr. FLETCHER MOULTON obtained marks enough to make him an Alderman in the room of Lord LINGEN and the company of Mr. TILLET; while Mr. EVAN SPICER announced a halfpenny extra rate, and clamoured for "fresh sources of revenue."

Labour. There was more violence at Hull on Friday week, but Messrs. WILSON had already succeeded in getting some ships off, and were receiving

fresh drafts of free labourers.—A large meeting of Woolwich Arsenal workmen was held this day week in favour of the Eight Hours movement (with present pay), and addressed by the usual agitators. The Hull strike was going on, but some of the strikers met with suitable treatment, and, though with difficulty, ships were being got off.—On Tuesday it was reported that free labour had multiplied at Hull, that some of the recalcitrant dockers themselves were coming in, that work was going on merrily, and that Mr. BENJAMIN TILLET, L.C.A., had called the shipowners "robbers." "Robbers!" said Mr. TILLET, running to the head of the stairs; "Robbers!" said he, looking out of the window. Meanwhile a shipbuilding strike on the Tyne, Wear, and Tees was averted by a reasonable arrangement for lowered wages. The middle of the week saw further progress made at Hull against the rioters.

Trafalgar Square. The wisdom of Mr. ASQUITH was agreeably illustrated in Trafalgar Square this day week. A demonstration had been arranged against the Local Veto Bill, but the Temperance folk sent rowdies to oppose it, and for some hours there was a mild but distinct riot, the police being apparently somewhat unprepared for the emergency. At least this seemed to be so at first, though the police arrangements of the present Chief Commissioner have, as a rule, been so excellent that it was a little surprising. And Mr. ASQUITH's answers in the House on Tuesday might fairly be taken as showing that it was with the Home Office and not with Scotland Yard that the fault lay, the mischievous permission to demonstrate in the Square having made it very difficult, if not impossible, for the police to discover whether false brethren come under pretence of demonstrating or not. For even Mr. ASQUITH does not seem to contemplate with equanimity a perpetual "Fight for the Standard" around the lions.

Loyalty, Logic, and the Lord Mayor. The LORD MAYOR entertained Cardinal VAUGHAN and other members of his own denomination at the Mansion House on Wednesday; and, we regret to observe, put the POPE's name before the QUEEN'S—not, however, according to some reports, without protest. This was a piece of folly, as well as of bad taste, in Mr. KNILL; for it will strengthen "Protestant" opposition another time, and even to a certain extent justify it. His attempted (and anticipated) explanation in Common Council—that he only followed the example of "Church and QUEEN"—was excessively lame. "Church and QUEEN" does not give the individual incumbent of one office precedence over the other, but merely puts two institutions in chronological order. Had Mr. KNILL borrowed this very toast, leaving his guests to interpret "Church" as they liked, he would have done a rather graceful and ingenious thing, to which no one could have reasonably objected. As it is, his conduct, though no doubt not intentionally disloyal, was extremely silly, ill-mannered, and offensive.

Miscellaneous. At the end of last week and the beginning of this letters were printed from Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., offering his pictures to the various large galleries of London and the chief country towns.—The eight-hundredth anniversary of the consecration of Winchester Cathedral was celebrated this day week and on Sunday, with due rites.—A very serious colliery accident took place on Tuesday, in the Rhondda Valley, at the Great Western Colliery, the workings taking fire; and it was feared fifty men were killed.—Some English ladies were said, on Thursday, to have succeeded in photographing, at Sinai, a palimpsest Syriac MS. of the Gospels, giving a nearly complete text of the oldest recension yet known.

Obituary. Mr. VICAT COLE, R.A., was a "landscaper" of great popularity and no small merit, though his ability ran rather in grooves. A few years

ago he was about equally the favourite of the critics and the public; latterly some of *les jeunes* among the former began to discover that he was not flashy enough, that his colours were too like nature, and that he was distressingly wanting in studio tricks. From which facts it should not be difficult for a shrewd person, who had never seen even one of his pictures, to "place" him.—Admiral PARIS, who died at the age of nearly ninety, was one of the chief authorities in the French navy on naval architecture, practical and historical. He had produced some elaborate and beautiful works on the subject.—Miss ELEANOR BUFTON was one of the pillars of the Strand Theatre during the palmy days of the SWANBOROUGH management.—M. ADOLPHE FRANCK, a French Jew and Member of the Institute, of great literary and philosophical attainments, had reached his eighty-third year, and was in harness to the last; indeed, notice of a book of his which had just appeared will be found in our "French Literature" record of the present week.—M. MAME was the head of a great printing house at Tours, well known to most people who are familiar with books.

Books. Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR'S *Essays and Addresses* (DOUGLAS) will of course be read by many, and—which is not so much of course—it will deserve to be.

MR. BALFOUR IN DUBLIN.

THE meeting at the Leinster Hall in Dublin formed a fitting conclusion to the great Belfast demonstration and to Mr. BALFOUR'S memorable and inspiring visit to Ireland. His speech, too, on this last occasion was the most remarkable which he has delivered. It is, no doubt, true, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said in the House last Monday night, that no speaker can properly cover the whole mass of questions raised by the Home Rule Bill within the limits of a single address. Mr. BALFOUR, for instance, did not deal with the financial arrangements of the measure, or with its precious provisions for securing the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. But with these perhaps inevitable exceptions, there is no, or hardly any, vice or mischief of Mr. GLADSTONE'S scheme which was left untouched in his comprehensive speech. The position of the loyal minority, of the Civil Service in Ireland, of the Irish Constabulary, of the Irish landlords—nay, even of those Irish tenant-farmers who have been hitherto fondly imagining that, at any rate, their position would be an ideally satisfactory one in a Home-ruled Ireland—was reviewed by him in turn; and the last of them, we think, with the most telling effect of all. Too little attention has, perhaps, been paid, as yet, to the Irish tenant-farmers by Unionist speakers; and if they really possess the shrewdness which it is the fashion to attribute to them, it should be worth the while of such speakers to press upon them the considerations which Mr. BALFOUR has just recalled to their minds. Hitherto, we dare say, the prospective plunder of their landlords has filled the whole field of their vision; and to the poorer and more ignorant among them it would, perhaps, be useless to propose any other object of contemplation. But any of them who are capable of looking a little further forward may possibly be induced to ask themselves whether the spoliation of the landlords and their own enrichment are necessarily convertible terms. Surely it might occur to them that, when the political object for which, and for which alone, the late Mr. PARNELL took that historic coat off to join in the agrarian dispute has been attained, the interest of the Irish political agitator in the farmer's welfare will undergo a speedy decline. It is a pleasing dream, no doubt, but is it any more than a pleasing dream that, supposing Home Rule to be obtained and the patriots to have been provided with

snug-offices, Mr. DILLON and Mr. HEALY will proceed to rob the Irish landlords for the benefit of the Irish tenants, or for the benefit of anything or anybody save the Irish Exchequer, and themselves as its administrators? As for those tenant-farmers who are intelligent enough to foresee the necessity of an English trade for their produce, and still more for those who are reckoning in the future upon that pecuniary assistance from public sources which they have received in the past, it surely should be possible to open their eyes at any rate to the consequences of a measure which would cut them off at one blow from the only market which can ensure their prosperity as producers, and the only Exchequer from which they can hope to receive assistance.

Mr. BALFOUR'S observations on the case of the landlords had the disadvantage of being made before Mr. DAVITT'S assurances were given to the House of Commons in the debate on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill. Had the leader of the Opposition only had Mr. DAVITT'S word for it that a Home Rule Parliament, mainly manned by the promoters of and sympathizers with the Plan of Campaign, would deal with the Irish landlords as if they loved them, he would doubtless have modified his remarks. But, in his then state of ignorance that these valuable pledges had been given, he was undoubtedly justified in denouncing the betrayal of the landlords by the present PRIME MINISTER—of that very class whom, as Mr. PLUNKET has reminded us, the same Minister invited to join him in resistance to the Nationalist movement—as the act of unexampled treachery that it is. "We know," said Mr. BALFOUR—always speaking, of course, in unconsciousness of the moral miracle which has just been wrought among the Campaigners—"we know the principles of those who will have control over the landlords' property, if not by legislative, at all events by executive action. We know further," he went on to say, "that these facts were so present to the mind of Mr. GLADSTONE and of his colleagues in 1886 that they thought it absolutely necessary, as an obligation of honour, to see that the landlords suffered no wrong by the great revolution which they endeavoured then to effect." Honour, as Mr. BALFOUR says, has vanished; but he is sanguine enough, it seems, to believe that, "if ever Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues are ill advised enough to look over their old speeches, or if in the watches of the night some ancient utterances come back to their memories, the cheeks even of the most hardened politician would tingle with the blush of shame when they thought of the measure they were meting out to those who certainly of all classes in Ireland are not least deserving of Imperial support." We have not been privileged to inspect the cheeks of Mr. GLADSTONE or Lord SPENCER during the silent watches in question; but, judging from the kind of cheek which is displayed on the Treasury Bench daily between the hours of 3 P.M. and midnight, we are unable to share Mr. BALFOUR'S expectations in this matter. Of all the features of Ministerial conduct in connexion with the shameful betrayal of public interests and violation of private pledges which the Separation Bill involves, there is none so brazen of aspect as that which is presented in their treatment of the Irish landlords. Their announcement of the intended reservation of the Land question to the Imperial Parliament was unaccompanied, not only by any promise, but by any hint, of an intention of dealing with that question themselves during the three years' respite which they propose to grant to the doomed proprietors. It is, no doubt, true that no promise of this kind, coming from a Government pledged to the Newcastle Programme, would have been worth much as a practical undertaking; but it would not have been altogether without value as a guarantee of good faith. The only

explanation of its being thus persistently withheld is that it is intended to hold over the heads of the unfortunate landlords the threat of spoliation at the hands of a Home Rule Legislature, in order to facilitate the financial arrangements of a compulsory Land Purchase Bill to be passed in the Imperial Parliament.

The absurdities of inference and inaccuracies of statement with which Mr. GLADSTONE returned from his excursion into the constitutional history of Austria-Hungary, of Norway-Sweden, and of other Continental States have been shown up already in so many quarters that Mr. BALFOUR'S exposure of them was almost a slaying of the slain. But, as he truly said, the most effective refutation of these arguments of Mr. GLADSTONE does not lie in the exhibition of their gross errors of fact. His account of these foreign Constitutions and their working might be as correct as it is the reverse, and its relevance to his case would still not be one whit the greater. The questions which they raise are essentially questions relating to those mere "forms of government" for which the poet bids "fools contest." It is simplest to dispose of them by completing the couplet, and inviting the patron of the Campaigners to favour us with his views on the proposition that "that which is best administered is best." A dual Constitution such as Mr. GLADSTONE recommends for Great Britain and Ireland might be the absolutely ideal form of Government for the two islands, but none the less would it be an act of political lunacy to construct such a Constitution, in order to place its machinery under the control of the politicians who figure in a certain famous judicial Report. The question which the honest and law-abiding portion of the Irish people have to ask themselves is not on what system they are to be ruled, but by what men—not whether government from Dublin is theoretically preferable to government from Westminster, but whether the latter method of government, as administered by an English Cabinet responsible to the Imperial Parliament, is practically preferable to the former method, as administered by Mr. HEALY, Mr. DILLON, and Mr. O'BRIEN, responsible only to the pensioners of Mr. PATRICK FORD.

RUDIMENTARY LETTERS.

BEFORE us there lies a Rudimentary Letter. It is a piece of wood about five inches long by one broad, it is painted red with blood and ochre, and has a kind of neck at about two inches from the top; round this neck string is fastened. At the very head is incised what seems to be a capital **T**; beneath this is a large **7**, as it seems to European eyes, and a crescent moon on each side. Below these is a broad arrow: **↗**. On the left-hand side, beneath, is a row of **7**s. On the back are many slanting notches, two straight lines, and the field below is filled up with the herring-bone pattern.

This object is a Message Stick of the Wootka tribe, who dwell sixty miles west of Lake Nash, in the northern territory of South Australia. It is carried by an ambassador on a commercial mission to a distant tribe, whom we may call Nootkas. The markings on the back are tribal marks, early heraldic bearings; and these are the ambassador's credentials. If he bore a stick whose meaning he could not explain, he would be in the position of BELLEROPHON. It would be understood that he is to be speared by the tribe to whom he goes. On the back, besides the heraldic marks, are two straight lines. These mean that he is carrying two long and heavy spears as objects of barter. The **7**, again, is a fighting weapon, a kind of wooden axe. The crescents are war boomerangs. The **↗** means that he is to stop at the station of a squatter

who uses this mark as a brand for his sheep. Here he is to leave the heavy boomerangs and spears. The crowd of **7**s means that he is to get as many of these wooden axes from the other tribe as he can. Certain triangular marks represent the number of days during which he may be absent. The whole stick thus reads:—"The Wootka tribe to the Nootka tribe. The bearer carries boomerangs and spears. These he is to barter with the Nootkas for wooden axes. His leave of absence is for a week. He is to find the Nootkas near THOMPSON'S station." The stick is at once the bearer's credentials and his invoice, so to speak. If he goes against his instructions, he may be speared on his return.

Obviously this letter partakes of the nature of picture-writing. The **T** and broad arrow are borrowed from Europeans. Much more beautifully wrought Australian letters exist, prettily etched on harder and polished wood. It is not easy to collect these letters, as they are thrown away when they have served their turn. Sticks of this kind are carried by ambassadors who teach a new corroboree, or dance, to alien tribes. They serve as credentials; the bearer is sacred, like a herald, but we do not learn that there is any musical notation on the corroboree sticks. Some sticks were itineraries, maps showing the hills, woods, and rivers which the ambassador had to cross. Declarations of war were sometimes sent on carved and painted boomerangs. A lover in search of a wife from an alien tribe (no man might marry in his own) bore a symbolic stick as his credentials. Only the old men might make sticks; fraudulent imitations, if discovered, were punished with death. The messages are said to have no meaning unless accompanied by instructions, but on this point the evidence is not uniform. On the whole, however, it seems that the Australians had invented no generally recognized system of carved signs. The question is whether the famous letter of BELLEROPHON was more than a doubled-up message stick so arranged that the bearer could not look inside without being detected. On this question every one may form his own opinion. Anthropological science has hitherto rather neglected this germ of the art of writing. The message stick resembles the notched staves carried from Atli to the Volsungs in the Volsung Saga. These, however, were scored with runes, which were falsified, though not beyond detection by a skilled woman of the Volsungs. It is desirable to learn whether, among some tribes at least, message sticks were not capable of being read without the oral instructions. In the cases we have mentioned the stick was only a *memoria technica* for the ambassador, a safe-conduct, and a warrant for the correctness of his message. All this falls short of writing; but from this to writing is a step of no great difficulty—one which, in some instances, is said actually to have been made by Australians.

MR. GLADSTONE'S INVENTIVE MEMORY.

ON Monday evening Mr. GLADSTONE made one of those contributions at once to his own autobiography and to the secret political history of our time which would be interesting and instructive if they were not contradicted by facts within the recollection of everybody but himself. As MAHOMET and JOE SMITH the Prophet, and, we dare say, other sacred personages, had timely revelations commanding them to do what they happened at the moment to have a mind to do, so Mr. GLADSTONE is visited with an appropriate historic reminiscence whenever he has a case to make out. His imaginary conversation with Sir ROBERT PEEL in 1846—an impossible conversation, as Sir ROBERT PEEL'S own Memoirs conclusively show—

and his own fancied resignation on the tariff question in 1844, which, if it were actual, would convict both him and Sir ROBERT PEEL of something like falsehood in their speeches on the debate on the Address in 1845—have been before now referred to in the *Saturday Review*. We do not accuse Mr. GLADSTONE of bad faith. *Fingit simulatque credit*. What makes for him makes for the truth, and what makes for the truth must be true. A further illustration of Mr. GLADSTONE's habit of improvising facts and a belief in them to suit the emergency of the moment was given in the debate on Monday. It was an episode, a parenthesis in it, on which, however, and on the explanations of Tuesday, it is worth while to spend a few words.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had recalled the celebrated denunciation by Mr. GLADSTONE of certain persons in Ireland of whom he said that they preached the doctrine of plunder, and were marching through rapine to the dismemberment of the Empire. Mr. GLADSTONE was supposed to be describing the leaders of the Irish party of that day. But he said that he meant Mr. PARNELL only. He spoke of him as "they," and by "marching" he intended to express Mr. PARNELL's mode of advance. Mr. GLADSTONE recollected that he was speaking in the presence of the anti-Parnellites, and of the conscientious Nonconformists, before whom it is safe and even profitable to vilify Mr. PARNELL. But he forgot the small body of Parnellites, whom it is imprudent to forget, until he was reminded of their existence by Mr. JOHN REDMOND's exclamation that all the blame was put on Mr. PARNELL because he was dead. This remark apparently recalled to Mr. GLADSTONE the consideration that there are Parnellites in the House who have votes which cannot be spared on a critical division. On Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's sitting down, he set himself to efface the evil impression he had made. There were two PARNELLS: the PARNELL before and the PARNELL after the Kilmainham imprisonment—and Treaty. The latter was a reformed character, for whom Mr. GLADSTONE had an unqualified respect. Never, after 1882, had he said a single word in disparagement of him. Well, speaking in Edinburgh on the 1st of September, 1884, Mr. GLADSTONE made the following observations:—"There was in 1881 and 1882 a great conspiracy against social order, which took the form of an injunction to the people of Ireland to break their contracts and to pay no rent to their landlords." He exulted in the admission of "Mr. PARNELL, the able leader of those who conducted that conspiracy," which he described as leading to the perpetration of fearful crimes, that it had been broken down by the action of the Government of which Mr. GLADSTONE was the head. How can Mr. GLADSTONE reconcile these words with his statement on Monday that "from that date forward"—the Kilmainham release—and Treaty—"no hard word and no word of censure in any speech of mine upon Mr. PARNELL are to be found"? How can he reconcile his description of Mr. PARNELL as "the able leader of those who conducted that conspiracy" with his statement that his condemnation was confined solely to Mr. PARNELL? But there is more important matter than this. Mr. GLADSTONE went on to say that, not only did he never censure Mr. PARNELL after May 1882, "on the contrary, I made a communication to Mr. PARNELL, through a friend of his, that from me he would receive no difficulties in pursuing the purposes he had in view, which from that period I believed to be purposes beneficial to the people of Ireland." In other words, Mr. GLADSTONE in 1882 confided to Mr. PARNELL the secret that he was in favour of Home Rule—a secret which he concealed from his colleagues, from the House of Commons, and from his Sovereign. Not only so, but Mr. PARNELL kept the secret, and kept it so well that he took part in the

overthrow, in the House of Commons, of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government, and sanctioned the proclamation of the National League, which denounced him as the most cruel oppressor who had ever misgoverned Ireland, and urged all Irishmen to vote against him. Each of these suppositions is fantastical. Both together are too monstrous for belief. What is to be thought of the man who alleges them? We do not question Mr. GLADSTONE's subjective veracity. He may be honestly given over to his own delusions. But what as to his political sanity? Is the man who can turn the past upside-down a safe guide in the present and for the future?

LORD ROBERTS.

THIS day week Lord ROBERTS left Bombay for England, after a tenure of the most important military post open in time of peace to an Englishman—the Command in Chief of the Army in India—which has been unusually long and unusually epoch-making. The incidents which distinguish it have not, indeed, been of that kind which most attracts popular attention. There is always war in India; but it is for the most part of a petty character, and the operations resulting from the subjugation of Upper Burma, the unlucky blunder at Manipur, the everlasting guerrilla on the North-Western frontiers, and so forth, have not much exceeded this limit. Lord ROBERTS had done his fighting on the great scale, and had done it something more than handsomely, before he succeeded to his late post. What he had to do in that post was to take care that his successors should be in better case than himself or any predecessor of his whensoever the Great War, as it surely must, succeeds the little ones. His stewardship in this respect is well within the knowledge of all those who have given attention to the subject; for others he gave accounts of it—characteristically clear and, at the same time, characteristically free from boasting—at two farewell dinners given to him before he left India, one at Calcutta on the 11th ult.; one at Bombay the night before he sailed. Full reports of the former have already reached England; of the latter only telegraphic summaries. But those who know know sufficiently what it must have contained.

Lord ROBERTS disclaims the credit of originating the great scheme of frontier defence which has been carried out "at a cost considerably less than one and a half per cent. of the annual value of the foreign trade of India." That credit he gives, and gives with as much truth as generosity, to Sir DONALD STEWART. But the scheme as carried out is not quite the same as it was when it was proposed; it is fuller, minuter, more calculated at once for defence and offence at need; while no one who knows the besetting sin of all English Administrations will think little of the determination which has kept it in view and carried it through in spite of indolence, and cheese-paring, and desire to curry favour with non-interventionists and peace-at-any-price men and "native"-mongers, and the like. Thanks to Sir DONALD's initiative and Lord ROBERTS's execution, India is now in such a state of readiness as she never was in before, in such a state as is urgently needed at the present day. The distance between our frontier and that of the only European Power which can menace us has been shortened by not much less than a thousand miles since Lord ROBERTS joined, forty-one years ago; but it is hardly too much to say that, however much statesmen are to blame in permitting the abridgment, the thousand miles in the then state of our Indian defences and preparations were a less safeguard than the present strip of Debatable Land.

For the organization of frontier defence is by no

means the only object on which Lord ROBERTS has spent his labours. Many of his predecessors have done excellent work in improving the condition of the English soldier in India, and no single man can claim the credit due to the remarkable fact that, whereas the average annual death-rate before the Mutiny was 69 per thousand, it has only once during the last ten years exceeded 15. Better barracks, better clothing, a more sensible system of adjusting quarters, especially in the case of young soldiers and new arrivals, the provision of healthy amusements and rational employments, have all played their part in this alteration, and in all these ways, especially in the last, Lord ROBERTS's energy has been conspicuous, while it is probable that Lady ROBERTS has done more to improve the condition of the women attached to the troops than any one in her position before. Not less remarkable has been the improvement in teaching the soldier the practice of his profession and the use of his arms. We have from time to time given some account of the remarkable musketry reports which have been issued under his command by General GALBRAITH and Colonel IAN HAMILTON; and we happen to know that they have attracted attention both at home and abroad. Of the last, the most remarkable in a way, and the most problematical of Lord ROBERTS's schemes, it is impossible as yet to speak with certainty, though the Cashmere "Imperial Contingent" has done excellent work. It is enough that he himself seems to have no doubt of the policy of working up a portion of the unwieldy, ill-armed, and mostly ornamental troops of our feudatories in India into a force not much less active, well equipped, and formidable than the army of the EMPRESS itself. And we can hardly doubt that he is quite right. Disarmament, though an ungracious and risky, would be an intelligible policy; the permission of the existence of armies which could be of hardly any use to us, and might be of much against us, can be called neither intelligible nor intelligent.

Of course Lord ROBERTS has left something for his successors to do. For our own part, we shall never consider the Indian army to be in a fully satisfactory condition till the Presidential commands are done away with, and the three armies brought into a common ratio of effectiveness. But the main task of these successors for the present will be to pursue and complete his plans. He himself will find plenty to do in England as an army reformer in urging his well-known and, as we hold, entirely sound views on long service, on the Reserve, and similar matters, in regard to which the home army is now on an evil path. It is an office not without danger; but Lord ROBERTS's shrewdness is not much inferior to his courage; he is incapable either of bumptiousness or of boredom, and he will probably escape the fate of some reputations *retour de l'Inde*. It may be that he has not left India itself for good; and, though the incidents that might most certainly recall him would be in some way of evil omen, it is scarcely tempting fortune to refer to them. For the omen of the circumstances could not overpower the goodness of Lord ROBERTS's own auspices, and the certainty that in his hands the fate of India would have all the advantages provided by the forethought of his late term of office, reinforced by his own pre-eminent courage and skill as a leader.

UNIONISTS AND TEETOTALLERS.

THE strike at Hull teaches two lessons—one to masters and the other to men. Both, it may be added, are old, but both, none the less, have continually to be re-learned by experience. What masters have to

learn from the Hull strike is the absurd folly of separating themselves from their own class, and endeavouring to curry favour with the Union leaders. The only result of this undignified course is clearly to convince the said leaders that they have to deal with an owner who may safely and profitably be bullied. If Messrs. THOMAS WILSON, Sons, & Co. had continued to adhere to the Shipping Federation, they could not be in a worse position than they have held of late, and might be in a better. They would at least have been spared the somewhat ignominious necessity of running back to the body they left with a certain ostentation, and begging for its help. All they gained by retiring from the Shipping Federation, and by effusively patronizing the Dockers' Union at Hull, was to put power into the hands of a knot of arrogant wirepullers, who immediately began a course of interference with their management of their business which at last proved intolerable. At the first show of independence on their part they were attacked with the utmost acrimony, and have been compelled to call on the help of the Federation. Employers will, perhaps, for some time to come refrain from kotooing to the managers of the Unions—even when one of the firm is a member of Parliament.

As for the men, their lesson is equally easy—though, to judge by the extreme, and even rather pathetic, fatuity shown by this class of labourers for some years past, it is not equally probable that it will be learnt. If the labourers can learn anything, they ought to be taught by their experience at Hull not to allow themselves to be ordered to quarrel with their bread and butter by professional agitators. This, and nothing else, is what they have done. There is no question of rate of wages or hours of work. The managers of the Labourers' Union decided, as a matter of policy, to hector employers out of their right to employ any man who would work for them whether he belonged to the Union or not. They attacked Messrs. WILSON because that firm had elected to stand alone, and appeared to propitiate them. It seemed, therefore, to afford a convenient vile body for experiments. When Messrs. WILSON returned to the Federation whom they ought never to have left, the Union leaders ordered a general strike, and were obeyed. However sorry we may be for the blind and often helpless members of the Union, we cannot affect to regret that they have been instantly and soundly beaten. Experience of that painful simple kind which comes home to men the least capable of reasoning must show them that they have been dragged into a strike at a time when the chest of the Union is so empty that no strike pay can be afforded, for the mere purpose of endeavouring to carry out the policy which magnifies the importance of the leaders. Mr. BEN TILLET has been pleased to say that the Union has no objection to a Federation of owners; it only objects to their nasty "blackleg" way of insisting that men who take their wages shall not presume to dictate to them as to what other men they are to employ. The employers may, in short, combine as long as it is for the purpose of obeying the Union. The monstrous impudence of the pretension would be merely laughable if it were not for the docility with which thousands of labourers will turn out to starve in order to support this handful of agitators in their attempt to make themselves masters of the industry of the country.

Whether last Saturday's shindy in Trafalgar Square is to turn out matter for laughter or not remains to be seen. Mr. ASQUITH is briskly sure that it was a very trumpery business, quite an insignificant exception to the peace and good order which have prevailed there since he granted what he first called the privilege, and then promoted to the right, of meeting. We cannot altogether share the HOME SECRETARY'S confi-

dence. It appears on his own showing that there was an abuse of his goodness on the part of the Temperance people who collected before the arrival of the Licensed Victuallers' procession, and occupied the space round the platform so effectually that the meeting was reduced to a sham. This is precisely the use which we should have expected anybody with a good organization and a fair dose of cunning (and the Temperance fanatics have both) to make of Mr. ASQUITH's regulations. In order to avoid a repetition of these breaches of faith in future, it appears that the Square is to be occupied by bodies of police, who will see that opponents of any projected meeting do not accumulate round the platforms before the authorized spouters and their legitimate audience assemble. Mr. ASQUITH, who is as destitute of any sense of the ridiculous as most other serious people, does not see that this reduces all his talk about the peace and good order of these meetings to nonsense. They will be peaceful and orderly, it seems, so long as there is a sufficient force of police on the spot to prevent breaches of the peace and maintain order. We believe that as much might truthfully be said of a Trade-Union meeting at a dock-gate during a strike. In the meantime, anything which tends to emphasize the intensity of this nuisance is welcome, as long as it does no particular damage. So we cannot much lament last Saturday. Moreover, it notably helps us to bear the evil with patience that the elect of Temperance should be found under the guidance of saints, lay and clerical, openly practising the methods of the rowdy striker.

A SINGULAR PLURAL.

ONE of the best-known characteristics of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's masterly political oratory is its exasperating effect upon its opponents. This effect they believe to be designed; and the mere fact that they entertain this belief, and yet continue to be exasperated, is of course the most flattering of all possible testimonies to his power. For the wise man can have no stronger inducement to self-control than the suspicion that somebody else is trying to make him lose his temper; from which it follows that the greater the amount of wisdom to be found among the Gladstonian party, the more remarkable is Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's provocative skill. This we say, of course, on the assumption that he is rightly credited with the design of irritating—an assumption as to the truth of which we offer no opinion. It is, however, only fair to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to point out that, even were he ever so anxious to spare the susceptibilities which he so severely wounds, he would find it extremely difficult to do so. A combination of natural gifts and judicious training has invested him with the threefold equipment of an unerring eye for the weak points of an adversary's case, a remarkable power of clothing criticism thereof in incisive language, and an oratorical delivery so perfectly adapted to his purpose that every word is an arrow in the gold. It is really rather hard to see by what exercise of forbearance, short of the heroic measure of abstaining altogether from debate, he could help rubbing his opponents "the wrong way."

Possibly it was because these qualities were especially conspicuous in his masterly speech of last Monday night—second only, if second, to that contributed by him to the debate on the first reading of the Bill—that Mr. GLADSTONE was so moved by him as to be impelled to an "explanation" of certain words of his which were uttered by him nearly a dozen years ago, and have been quoted probably a thousand times since, without its having ever before occurred to him that there was anything to explain. For the first time since 1881 it has occurred to him that the language used

by him at Leeds on the 7th of October in that year was open to misconstruction, and that there was just a possibility that, by denouncing preachers of the doctrine of public plunder in the plural number, he may have created the erroneous impression that he was speaking of more persons than one. It may be, of course, that Mr. GLADSTONE's sense of the very perversity of this construction has hitherto lulled him into a false security, and that, if he has never before been at the pains to correct it it is because he has never been able to realize the possibility of its being adopted. But, anyhow, he has been at last brought to perceive the misunderstanding to which his language has given rise, and he has hastened to dispose of it for ever. We do not profess to understand in the least what the explanation means; but it was made at the table in the House of Commons, with the apparent assent of several Ministerial colleagues, and the applause of many followers, some of whom at least must know the difference between truth and falsehood, and all of whom must be credited with the capacity to distinguish between the singular and the plural, and it would be disrespectful to suppose that it has no meaning at all. We will take it, therefore, that when Mr. GLADSTONE spoke "of a body of men" who are not ashamed to preach in Ireland the doctrine of public plunder, he only mentioned one man, since dead, to whom this description applies. If there were really any other "preachers of the doctrine of public plunder" besides Mr. PARNELL, they have ceased to exist, because Mr. GLADSTONE did not mention them by name. If anybody imagines that there were in 1881 a certain number of politicians preaching exactly the same doctrines as Mr. PARNELL, only a little more violently, and that it is to these politicians, or some of them, that Mr. GLADSTONE now proposes to hand over the government of Ireland—why, he has got to point out who they are. Mr. GLADSTONE, on his part, has only to point out that he never "identified" any of them—that he carefully refrained from identifying them; and nobody who cannot indicate the particular Irish politician whom Mr. GLADSTONE had in his mind when he used the language in question has a right to say (although unnamed and unidentified, they are all of them negotiating with the PRIME MINISTER at the present moment) that he is in treaty to hand over the government of Ireland to any "body of men" in the remotest degree associated with the "doctrines of public plunder." Not to have been "identified"—that is, not to have been named—by Mr. GLADSTONE is, in fact, to have ceased to be. It is an extension of the principle *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio* which only a man of genius could have conceived.

L'UNION LIBÉRALE RÉPUBLICAINE

WHILE there is still some doubt whether M. TURPIN will not soon become the centre of a scandal ten times worse than that caused by M. SOINOURY's interview with Mme. COTTU, French parties are beginning to prepare for the coming General Election. The first in the field is the Union Libérale Républicaine, which has issued an address to the members of the Departmental Councils. This document is eminently characteristic of the highly respectable, but also very helpless, body by which it has been issued. It is very well written; it is full of good sense; it points out the faults and failings of the Chamber, and many at least of the causes which have caused the administration of the Republic to be so very bad; it gives most excellent advice. The whole is done with good temper and no small force. Then, to cap all, the Union Libérale Républicaine arrives at the most lame conclusion possible.

After a well-founded profession of the purity of its Republican sentiments, the Union makes some very mildly-worded comments on the recent scandals, but records with intelligible satisfaction what we believe to be, on the whole, the truth—namely, that the Republic is in no danger of being upset. It would be unreasonable to expect the Union to confess that this safety is manifestly less due to the intrinsic strength of the Government than to the absence of any formidable competitor. It is a truism to say that no man can wisely calculate on the future in France; but, as far as it is possible to rely on visible signs, we think it may be taken for granted that the Government of France will continue for the present to be called a Republic. M. PROU and those Conservatives who follow him, a growing body, have taken occasion during the late miserable period of scandals to reassert their belief that the Republic is the only possible form of Government left. Whether it will continue to be organized as at present is another question. Poland was a Republic, and so was Venice, so are the United States, and so is Ecuador. If the advice of the Union Libérale is taken, the present Constitution will be in no danger. The authors of the manifesto point out that the Chamber has neglected its work so completely that it has even failed to construct a Budget, and they go so far as to express some doubt whether any can be made. The business of the nation has been neglected for the sake of more appetizing matter which has afforded the Deputies unlimited excuse for exciting debates and for perpetual Ministerial crises. The responsibility for this, so says the Union Libérale Républicaine, rests with the superstition called "Republican Concentration." The meaning of this phrase is that all the parties calling themselves Republicans, including the Radicals, must combine to act against their natural enemies of the Right. But the Radicals differ in policy from the Moderate Republicans nearly as much as they do from the Right. The necessity which the Moderate Republicans have imposed upon themselves of acting with the Radicals has put them at the mercy of those acrid fanatics. To them, so says the Union Libérale, with a considerable measure of truth, we owe the loss of our old position in Egypt, the financial extravagance of late years, and the anti-Clerical persecution which has embittered the country. The Radicals are a diminishing party, and, being conscious of their loss of influence, are drawing nearer to the Socialists—an alliance which threatens us with social, in addition to political, disorganization. Let all sections of Moderate Republicans, including the "rallied" members of the Right, combine. Let us forget old quarrels, and look only to the future. Then, if the country will only elect the right kind of Deputy, all will be well.

This is the lame conclusion at which the Union Libérale arrives. It is really little more than a pathetic appeal to certain persons to be reasonable, and to "the country" to form a disciplined party, and endow it with a body of doctrine. The advice is commendable and the wish is natural; but it is not in the nature of things that the first should be taken or the second satisfied. The Republicans who are not Radicals are by no means united among themselves. The rallied members of the Right and the Moderate Republicans have, for example, very different ideas as to what is meant by a policy of appeasement to the Church. The Union Libérale, polite as it is, hints explicitly to the rallied members of the Right that they must come in, bringing nothing with them except their votes, and much docility—which is far from the view of M. PROU and his friends. The appeal to the country is, in fact, an appeal to some millions of voters, who, by the nature of things, can have little political knowledge or faculty to make a party and

a policy. But this is, indeed, to put the political cart before the political horse. The party and its principles must exist first, and get its majority for itself. Unfortunately, although there is a general agreement in France that principles are indispensable to a respectable Administration, nobody seems to know what principles, and we are afraid that the judicious phrases of the Union Libérale only cover their share of the common ignorance. "Government of Deputies," whether direct or indirect, is nothing else than "anarchy," is one of the sentences in this address, and yet the Union can only urge the election of Deputies of its opinion. What prospect is there that its Deputies will not want to govern directly or indirectly?

A RECRUIT FOR THE I. F. I.

THE deputation of the Imperial Federation League had a very happy time with Mr. GLADSTONE on Thursday. They said that they were pleased with their reception (they were certainly more fortunate than some recent deputations have been), and he gave visible proof that he was enjoying himself very much. As we credit the members of the League with the sagacity to foresee with tolerable accuracy what kind of speech they would be treated to, there was no reason why they should be dissatisfied with what they foresaw. They can hardly have expected that the suggestion to hold a Colonial Conference for the purpose of evolving a scheme of Federation (which, to be candid, has been the chief outcome of the League's labours hitherto) would be accepted by Mr. GLADSTONE. Persons of much less experience must have known that at the best the PRIME MINISTER would commend them in general, but decline to do anything in particular, which is precisely what Mr. GLADSTONE did. He declined to act because, although the first suggestion of a Conference must come from England, it cannot be made with any prospect of profit till we know more. If the deduction that the Imperial Federation League is doomed to walk for ever round and round a vicious circle appears to be inevitable from these premisses, the fault does not, perhaps, lie with Mr. GLADSTONE.

But, if the deputation of the League did not obtain any definite promise of immediate assistance from Mr. GLADSTONE, they got something which in itself was worth a visit to Downing Street. They got not only an assurance from Mr. GLADSTONE, but what, according to the standard at present adopted in his party, may be called a demonstration, that, little as they might think it, the PREMIER is at this moment engaged in strenuous efforts to forward the very work on which the heart of the Imperial Federation is set. For what is his whole aim, carried out, it may be (for Mr. GLADSTONE was in meekest mood), by mistaken methods, but the promotion of that unity of the Empire which it is their chosen function to forward? They hold the consolidation of the Empire to be an object justly dear to us all—so does Mr. GLADSTONE. They think that "the existing organization is not perfect, that it is conceivable that it might be made more perfect, and that attempts towards making it more perfect are to be approached for consideration with prepossessions in their favour, and a sincere desire that they may be found to discover practical means for their attainment." It is strange how completely the Imperial Federation League agree with Mr. GLADSTONE. This is exactly his view. It is true that the League has patronized certain suggestions for interfering with the conditions under which goods are brought over sea into British ports (the rude vulgar call them Fair-trade), with which Mr. GLADSTONE can have nothing to do (till they have

the support of, say, eighty members, being understood). But this is a mere detail. It is as nothing in comparison with that unity of sentiment and idea which binds Mr. GLADSTONE and the Imperial Federation League together. Both have before them as their aim the perfection of the organization which secures such unity—poor and inferior as it is—as we possess. The League has thought much on the question of Imperial Defence, and has made certain suggestions touching the establishment of a Council. This, said Mr. GLADSTONE, is good, and “I do not doubt that, if a system was established, there must be some organ or other in connexion with it for the purpose of ministering to its effects.” If the thing is there, Mr. GLADSTONE’S long experience of public affairs enabled him to assert without hesitation that it will exist. The snows of eighty winters—to quote Mr. MORTON’S fine and original image—have not descended in vain on the head of Mr. GLADSTONE, but on the contrary have given him that something of prophetic strain which was also noted in a venerable Bohemian anchorite. For the present Mr. GLADSTONE’S own share in the great work absorbs him completely. He has remarked—at least, he believes that he would not be incorrect in saying—that in Australasia it is doubtful whether the combined colonies in that part of the world—that is, the group of colonies in that part of the world—have not important questions in regard to their international relations (weabridge severely) to settle. Whether he is incorrect in his opinion or not, Mr. GLADSTONE is under no doubt that he has an important question in regard to international questions to settle here—to wit, the Home Rule Bill, which is to promote “the unity and permanence of this great and wonderful Empire,” on which, as Mr. GLADSTONE has been credibly informed—at least he will advance for purposes of argument that the information is credible—the sun never sets, if we may be permitted to use a common and convenient locution which inaccurately conveys the scientific truth.

RIDING AT FENCES.

A SHORT, well-meaning, and in some respects well-written, article on Riding at Fences in *Baily’s Magazine* for the current month furnishes but another proof of the futility of attempting to give instruction in print on what the writer justly calls “the most attractive part of an art which in some degree or other interests a large portion of the community.” Many of his maxims are incontrovertible—though as much cannot always be said of the conclusions thence derived. Few people, for instance, will deny that real proficiency in riding over a country implies the gift of good seat and hands, and it may also be conceded that the latter cannot be acquired without the former; but it does not in the least follow that, “unless a man can sit steadily in his saddle he is obviously unable to take a firm hold of his horse’s head,” since that is exactly what he can and does do, and his doing it has given rise to the well-known expression, “strong hands and a light seat.”

Nothing again can be more orthodox than the here prescribed position of the rider’s body and limbs as he approaches a fence, as the horse takes off, when he is in mid air, and as he lands, if all this can be remembered and put in practice in due sequence, and if the horse is equally conscientious in his part of the performance. This no doubt is the true method of describing Bromley Davenport’s “entrancing parabola”; but how many men who do not instinctively sit right will maintain a graceful attitude through having mastered a magazine theory? How many men, indeed, are there among those whose nerve (in the euphemism wherewith most of us flatter ourselves) “is not quite what it was,” who can forbear sticking out one or both legs on feeling that the horse has not got the fence, watercourse, or even little grip comfortably in his stride. It sounds such a trifling habit, yet it is such a horrible trick, for it places the rider all wrong at every motion of the jump. It should be very easy to correct; yet who can say he has never done or never does it?

Of course we ought all to be able to make our horses take off just where we please, though “this requires the finest handling”; but how many of us can do it, even when we have been going for ten minutes? Can anybody lay his hand on his heart and say that he can do it for the first few fields on a mount which is mad fresh and gets his head down?

Most horsemen are cordially agreed that “when it is impossible to save a fall—and not till then—we should at once throw ourselves out of the saddle, roll clear of the horse, but be mindful to keep hold of the reins, drawing his head towards us.” The worst of it is, that we do not keep our own heads sufficiently to do all these things; our hold on the saddle is too often so shattered by the shock of impact on timber or thorn, that we are not cool judges of when all hope of saving the fall is over—we part company too soon or too late, and when we do let all go with a run, we roll indeed with hearty good will to keep clear, but wholly forget to “draw his head towards us,” for at that supreme moment we cannot for the life of us remember our Baily. It would be odd, indeed, if we could call to mind at will the details of “the broader and looser forms of collection”—i.e. of collecting a horse—as here set forth; the most that can be expected of ninety per cent. of riders to hounds being that they shall in some fashion pull their horses together so as not to let them sprawl, for if they do, they will of course fall at their fences, and very possibly on the flat; nor can they go on galloping. There is no better way of stopping a runaway or pulling horse, if there is room and a man has nerve to try it, than laying the reins loose on the neck and letting the steed go literally *ventre à terre*; in less than half a mile he will begin to roll and feel about for the support of the bit, and will be very easily stopped. There is always the chance, though, that he may hit or cross his legs, and then anything may happen.

“As the horse springs forward,” says R. G. W., the writer of the article, “the rider must be careful to give way to the extension of his (*sic*) head and neck, if he does not he will pull his horse into his fence, but in so doing the rider should on no account lose his head, which would tend to make the horse over-jump himself.” This sentence—setting aside its indifferent grammar—not only conveys extremely puzzling advice to the beginner, for whose sake it is presumably intended, but is rather too ambitious, being nothing less than an attempt to describe in writing the mystic art of what Captain Arthur Smith used to describe as “liberating a horse at his places,” and of which he was, and most likely still is, the greatest living exponent; but as it requires admirable judgment, and has to be done in a different way with almost every animal, precepts of the pen are worse than useless. In fact, it is far better to hang on to a horse’s head as he goes down to his fences than to let it loose in the wrong fashion. He is apt—except with women, who are watched over by a special Providence—to take this for a sign of indifference as to where he puts his feet, and as it were says, “If you don’t care, I’m sure I don’t,” with the consequences that might naturally be expected.

The assertion so often made, and here once more repeated, “that horses in a state of nature seldom fall, even when they negotiate the biggest of fences”—if by “horses in a state of nature” is meant horses turned out in a field—is untrue. We have seen such horses come ridiculous croppers over small places, though we cannot call to mind ever seeing them go at anything really big; but it certainly is the case that a loose hunter or steeplechaser fond of his particular game seems hardly ever to make a mistake.

As to the impossibility of “lifting a horse over a fence,” all R. G. W.’s readers will agree with him. Men who try it—and, absurd as it seems, it often is tried—succeed wholly or partially in lifting themselves out of the saddle; but the effort rarely has any other result.

One very curious difference of opinion between doctors, which had hitherto escaped our notice, and mayhap that of other students of sporting literature, is here commented upon—namely, that the quality which Whyte Melville, in his *Riding Recollections*, describes as “nerve” is called “pluck” by one of the authors of *Hunting* in the “Badminton Library,” and *vice versa*. Whyte Melville was always right about such matters; but how heartily he would have endorsed R. G. W.’s final sentence:—“The exact kind of courage which a man possesses does not matter very much so long as he is really courageous”!

MONEY MATTERS.

THE scheme for the reconstruction of the Commercial Bank of Australia has been unanimously approved by the shareholders and depositors in Australia as well as in this country. Stated as shortly as possible, it comes to this:—The depositors are asked to take Preference shares for about one-fourth of their deposits, entitled to a 5 per cent. Preference dividend, the total to amount to 3 millions, and there is to be an Ordinary capital also of 3 millions, the shareholders in the old bank getting share for share in the new bank, and paying up the balance of 6*l.* per share which is now callable. Thus, the total capital will amount to 6 millions. The three-fourths of the deposits which are unprovided for are to be left for five years from the dates on which they fall due on deposit with the new bank, and to be entitled to interest at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum. It is not a very promising scheme. The capital is enormous—nearly half that of the Bank of England, and immensely larger than that of any other bank in this country, while the interest payable to depositors is exceedingly heavy. Probably the depositors and the shareholders do not hope very much from the scheme. The accounts of the bank have not been investigated by any independent authority. No figures, therefore, to justify the scheme could have been laid before shareholders or depositors; no such figures, in fact, are existing. But shareholders and depositors alike felt that, if the bank were wound up in the present state of Australia, the result would be heavy loss to all, while if the scheme is adopted a breathing time of at least five years is gained; and in five years a new country like Australia may improve immensely. At all events, there is a chance that, even if the bank has to go into liquidation five years hence, the realization of the assets may prove to be more satisfactory than it would be at present. On the other hand, we have to bear in mind that when the Commercial applied to the other associated banks for assistance a week or two ago, the other banks were not willing to lend more than a million and three-quarters; and so the offer was refused. There is at least ground for suspicion that no satisfactory security was forthcoming. But though reorganizations are seldom very satisfactory, and the present scheme is less promising than almost any of recent times, it is felt to be a relief that the winding-up of the affair is postponed. In the first place, there will be no need for remittances of large sums from Melbourne to pay depositors in this country. If liquidation were to be proceeded with, gold would have to be sent here in very large amounts, and that could hardly fail to add to the difficulties already existing in Melbourne. Furthermore, it is hoped that the consent of the depositors to leave their money with the bank for another five years will have a good effect upon depositors in other institutions. The argument is that depositors generally will feel that, if they withdraw too rapidly, they will simply ruin the institution in which they are interested, and that thus something will be done to prevent an early liquidation, and their deposits being in the end hopelessly locked up. Every one concerned, then, was anxious that the reorganization scheme should be accepted, not only because it would protect shareholders in the Commercial Bank and save depositors from heavy loss, but also because it would probably have a reassuring influence upon the minds of depositors generally; and it would certainly have the effect of stopping large gold shipments from Melbourne. The bank has already resumed business in Melbourne; but the hoped-for good effect has been prevented by the suspension of the English, Scottish, and Australian Chartered Bank. The shock to credit from the two failures has been very great, and the apprehension of all the banks is very considerable. Nobody knows whether the British depositors in other banks may not be so alarmed by what has happened that they may insist upon withdrawing their money; and, if that should happen, the consequences could not fail to be serious to some of the institutions. Depositors should bear in mind that no bank, however well managed and however really solvent, can stand a persistent run. The principle upon which deposit banks are founded is that they employ the larger part of the deposits so as to yield a larger interest than the banks pay to the depositors. This means that a bank cannot have the full amount of the deposits in cash, and so the very best managed bank would be brought down in case of a persistent run. Depositors should bear this in mind; and, if they have taken ordinary precautions, and have grounds for

believing that the banks to which they have lent money are solvent, they should show their confidence now, and not add to the general discredit. The more reasonable and businesslike, no doubt, will do so; but the fear is that others may lose their heads, that the withdrawals may become so large that some other institutions may be brought into danger. There is naturally, then, the gravest anxiety and almost universal distrust.

On Wednesday the English, Scottish, and Australian Chartered Bank was compelled to close its doors. It is an English institution, founded by charter in 1852. It has a paid-up capital of 900,000*l.*, with a callable capital of the same amount, and a reserve fund of 310,000*l.* According to the last report, the deposits slightly exceeded 5½ millions, and the acceptances a little over 1,100,000*l.* Since then the deposits have been reduced to somewhat under 5 millions—roughly, about 800,000*l.*, that is, has been withdrawn. Of the total deposits, those raised in this country amount to 840,000*l.*, and a large proportion of the acceptances are also held here, the depositors being mostly Scotch. It is by no means so serious an event as the failure of the Commercial Bank; but, coming so soon after, it naturally adds to the general uneasiness. The bank has been discredited for some time. During the past three months it has been very much talked about, and there has been an actual run upon it for about six weeks in Melbourne. The Directors say that it is perfectly solvent, and did not engage in the reckless business so common during the recent land boom. But that is not the view generally taken. It is understood that the Directors applied to other Australasian banks in London for assistance, but were refused, being referred to the National Provincial Bank, which is the banker in London of the English and Scottish.

The crisis in Melbourne is causing much apprehension in the money market, although rates have not been as much affected as might have been looked for. There is a fear that the Australian banks may have to send out gold to Melbourne, while it is naturally apprehended that the run upon the weaker institutions may be intensified, and that some of them may be unable to hold their ground. Furthermore, exports of gold from New York upon a large scale have begun again, and have revived the fear that the United States Government may borrow in London. Then, again, the issue of the Brazilian loan this week may possibly lead to the shipment of gold, while the troubles in Chili are adding to the general uneasiness. Lastly, money has become very scarce and dear in Berlin, and it is thought not improbable that a German demand for gold may spring up here, and may lead to considerable withdrawals from the Bank of England.

The price of silver fluctuates about 38*d.* per oz. So far the India Council has been fairly successful in its efforts to keep up the price of silver, having sold on Wednesday a little over 35½ lakhs out of the 60 lakhs offered for tender at the minimum it is willing to accept, which is 1*s.* 2½*d.* per rupee.

The Brazilian loan for 3,710,000*l.* brought out by the Messrs. Rothschild has been fairly successful, the list having been closed on the same day on which it was opened. There was, however, no very great eagerness to subscribe. The loan opened on Monday at a premium of from 2½ to 3; but the premium steadily declined, and on Wednesday evening—the day on which subscriptions were received—the price had fallen to ½ premium over the issue price of 80 per cent. The German and Prussian loans on the Continent have also been fairly successful. It is announced that they were covered four times over. But that, of course, means little. There does not appear to have been a very great desire on the part of the investing public to apply.

Business on the Stock Exchange has been exceedingly dull all through the week, and prices generally have given way. The wonder is that there has not been a greater fall, considering how many adverse influences are just now affecting markets. The banking crisis in Melbourne is the most serious immediately. Not only may it lead to the export of gold to Melbourne, but it compels all Anglo-foreign and Anglo-colonial banks to take every precaution to strengthen themselves, since depositors in such institutions are so filled with distrust. More serious eventually, however, is the continued currency crisis in the United States. A week ago the great operators in New York professed to believe that the Treasury was strong enough to meet all contingencies, and they predicted a very great rise in prices to celebrate the Chicago Exhibition; but the

recommencement of gold exports has once more spread alarm. Then, again, the news from South America is very disquieting. No progress is being made towards a settlement of the debt in Argentina. The Chilean Government has had to proclaim martial law in Santiago and Valparaiso. The Brazilian Government announces that the insurrection in Rio Grande do Sul is nearly at an end, but private telegrams allege, on the contrary, that the insurrection is spreading, and that matters are becoming very grave indeed. On the Continent, the crisis in Spain seems to be coming to a head, the bank scandals in Italy are exciting serious apprehension, the German money market is becoming stringent, and there are reports that the crop prospects in Russia are exceedingly bad, that there will probably be another failure this year, that there is widespread distress, and that cholera is ravaging the Empire. At home the Hull dock strike indicates such a temper on the part of the Labour leaders as is not calculated to inspire confidence.

Naturally the bank failures in Melbourne have caused a sharp fall in most Australian bank shares. Those of the London Chartered Bank of Australia closed on Thursday at 16, a fall of 4, or about 20 per cent. compared with the preceding Thursday. The shares of the Bank of New South Wales closed at 61½, a fall of 3½, or about 5 per cent., and those of the Bank of Australasia closed at 76½, a fall of 2, or about 2½ per cent. In the international market there has also been a decline. Thus, Spanish closed on Thursday at 66½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ½; Hungarian closed at 95½, a fall of 1; and Greek bonds of '81 closed at 73½, a fall of 1½. French Rentes closed at 95½, a fall of 1. South Americans are generally lower. Thus, Brazilian Four and a Half closed on Thursday at 73, a fall of 2½; the Argentine '86 loan closed at 66½, a fall of ½; and the Funding loan closed at 68, a fall of 1½. In the American market speculative shares are lower. Thus, Reading Ordinary closed at 12½, a fall of ½, and the First Income bonds closed at 47, a fall of 2. But dividend-paying shares are somewhat higher, though not quite so high as at the very close of last week. New York Central closed on Thursday at 111½, a rise of ½; Illinois Central closed at 105½, a rise of 1; and Lake Shore closed at 136½, a rise of 1½. Home Railway stocks also advanced. Midland closed on Thursday at 160½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½; London and Brighton Undivided closed at 167, a rise of 1; and Caledonian Undivided closed at 118½, a rise of 2½. There has been a general advance likewise in South African land and gold shares. Thus Jagersfontein New closed on Thursday at 23½, a rise of 2½; and Jubilee closed at 7½, a rise of 1. Oceana Land closed at 31½, a rise of ½.

TO THE TUNE OF "GREENSLEEVES."

WOMAN has come to unanimous conclusions about her waist—that she likes it small, about her foot—that she likes it slender, and of these she gives proof daily. But whether shoulders ought to be broad or small, square or sloping, she probably has made up her mind, but will not tell. Some experts have given the world the results of their inquiries in the form of very definite measurements, and woman listens indeed, but keeps her own counsel. She even conforms for a time, and dresses so that one might believe she had accepted the dogma of art and anatomy. But insensibly or suddenly, as her mood may be, she reverts; and the reversion is so generally to broad shoulders that we begin to suspect that physiology and the conventional sculptor will be beaten at last, and that woman's secret opinion really is that her shoulders are her greatest breadth. Inasmuch as the contemporary and European woman is of the shape of her dress, the making of her sleeves decides everything. And just now, upholstered in her green velvet, she is having her will to perfection, and giving us reason to believe that height, grace, slenderness, general outline—all are nothing to the feminine mind compared with the triumph of ample shoulders.

No variation of fashion has more effect upon the whole appearance than this of the height and shape of sleeves, and especially the manner of setting-in. The sleeve itself may be taken as an artificial ruffling-up, a crest, a frankly non-

natural form; but the setting-in deceives the eye as to the very skeleton. Especially with some small-boned rounded figures, a broad, tall, upright effect, and its antithesis, a low, drooping shape, may be produced upon the same figure. In the one case the gain of height is manifest. Nothing gives so tall a look as an increase in the length of the space from the point of the greatest width of the sleeve to the ground; and nothing shortens the figure so much as the shape of such sleeves as those in the portraits of L.E.L.; set in as low down as possible, and continued downwards and outwards in a long puff reaching below the level of the waist. In this case the point of the greatest width of the sleeve is brought very near the ground, and although the fashion has a grace of its own, that grace is not the grace of height. What is really charming in the drooping sleeve is the length it gives to the neck. Now, a long neck has sometimes been at a discount. But it is as surely a woman's beauty as it is a man's deformity. Where nature has given a long neck, that good gift should, at least, be made visible. It carries the head, and sets free the shape of the chin, and leads up to well-massed hair with a dignity that nothing can achieve without it. But it is inevitable that what is gained in one length should be lost in another. No woman can have relatively the long neck, long waist, and long limbs that she may desire separately. Each is desirable, but inasmuch as each length exists only in proportion to another length, each must be possessed alone.

After all, art is not unanimous. Feminine shoulders are large in the Parthenon pediment, small in Græco-Roman sculpture; small and highly-bred with Gainsborough, square and heroic with Mr. Du Maurier. Raphael has several types, but for his celestial Galatea he chooses shoulders a little narrow, but rounded and free. The shoulders of his Graces are decidedly light and Græco-Roman; those of the Sistine Madonna are square and very broad; the neck is long, but the collar-bone goes up a little towards the shoulder—a form that denotes physical strength. Sir Joshua Reynolds never varies from the long gradual slope. It is the patrician line of the day, and a lady was bound to have it, whatever might be the form of goddess or fishwife. Nor is literature altogether agreed. Villon is for small shoulders, and all his successors in French literature, writing of the squarest women in the world, write in praise of sloping shoulders. *Epaules de porte-manteau* are the reproach of the Frenchwoman—a *porte-manteau* being that little high-shouldered contrivance which is hung inside a wardrobe or by itself for the carrying of cloaks and capes. Anna Karénina had sloping shoulders as the most conspicuous of her graces. The heroine of *Peter Ibbetson*, of course, has them square. It can only be inferred that Rosalind, who would have worn but a shambling doublet with Gainsborough shoulders, had them wide and horizontal, but she doubtless rested her weary arm upon the pretty droop of Celia's. For as the temperament differs so does the skeleton, and so does the dress which decides so much. Three are the ways of beauty, as the ways of righteousness are three—the beauty of luxury, the beauty of use, and the beauty of nature. Fashion achieves the one, and its best triumphs, if exquisite, are trivial; the peasant compasses the second, clad in the non-natural, yet by no means artful, jacket and skirt of field-work—shapeless garments that do no violence, and never insist upon their own exceeding modesty and appropriateness; and the beauty of nature is reached by the all but organic draperies of the Parthenon.

COLLIE SHOWS.

THE Westminster Aquarium during last week had, among its attractions, a show of collies. We have seen a larger number of this breed brought together, but there were quite enough on this occasion to illustrate once and again the surprising characteristics of those who enjoy the title of "judges." As to the dogs themselves, a cursory inspection of the breed here exhibited would give the impression that they are being bred to a vanishing point in form, and the profane might say that the fashionable colour had a distinctly faded appearance. We are not going to quarrel with the judges for laying stress on certain points. A rich fox-coloured coat, long and bushy, is most pleasing to the eye. Ears, which when erect have a prick and droop combined, most certainly give

a beauty to the head. The tail should undoubtedly hang low, and only curl at the end, and the body should have those developments which indicate speed combined with grace.

What we do, however, complain of, is that whatever be the merits of the dog's shape, he has very little chance of being rewarded with a prize if he is not of that colour which for the time is the right one in the eyes of the judges. A few years ago no one possessing a fawn or sable collie, of the most perfect merit as regards coat and form, would have dreamt of competing for prizes, because, at the date we refer to, the black-and-tan colour held the field to the exclusion of all others. In the same way, breeders at the present time know that it is useless to exhibit any animal, whether red or broken in colour, if he have not the regulation extravagant length of nose, and the size and shape of ear to a hair's breadth, which are the exclusive points in favour with those who have in their power to decide the features of the breed exhibited. To see the results of this system it is necessary to look at the dogs which are not prize-takers, or which take second and third prizes, or "special prizes," which seem given on a scale which suggests "consolation prizes." It is easy to see at a glance why the "champion" dog has secured the leading prize. Given the points fashionable with the judges, the animal is a fine specimen. We complain throughout that the dog is being bred too fine in bone, and that his staying-power on the hill, his original merit, is not in the least considered; but this forms part of our whole charge against the system of dog shows, breeders, and judges, and we may refer to this subject again.

It is in the unavailing efforts to come up to the narrow standard of perfection that we see the bad effects of the narrowness of that standard. The long, useless, and ugly muzzles, with the eyes set close together; the disappearance of the wide, intelligent foreheads which Landseer has again and again depicted in his drawings of the collie; the ugly cross-markings of white on coats which are of a grey-liver colour; the whole suggesting weediness and poverty, from too close breeding—it is of these failures we complain. In the whole of this show there was not one really good black-and-tan collie; but the few specimens that were shown had many of the points which would have secured them favourable notice in the days when their star was in the ascendant. No one in his ordinary senses and outside the show-ring will affirm that a black-and-tan collie, perfect in body, possessed of a broad, sensible muzzle and reflective forehead, but deficient in the particular prick and droop of his ear, or rather possessed of both, but slightly broad in that part of the ear where the cock ends and the droop begins, is a less fine specimen of the collie than the sable who has the regulation face as well as body. It must be to the advantage of the breed if greater latitude is allowed, and it is obviously absurd that the coat of this three-coloured breed should be fixed at one definite shade. We have at other times noticed how breeding to please the judges has utterly destroyed the race of the original Skye terrier; the dog has been bred with a length of body and coarseness of bone, a weight and length of coat, which seriously impede his activity and destroy his usefulness. The collie shows are on the high road to do the same for this most beautiful and useful class of dog.

EXHIBITIONS.

IF our old friend, the Philosopher, were still amongst us, he might surely smile and weep, as used to be his habit, over the ephemeral character of our artistic movements. He would visit with us the tenth exhibition of modern pictures, now just opened in the New English Art Club, and would ask if this were, indeed, the best that the revolutionary school in art could do. The fact is, and there is no use in blinking it, that what was born the day before yesterday, and seemed so young on the next morning, is beginning to fade to-day. To speak more plainly, the life is already ebbing out of our clamorous Impressionists, and their tradition is becoming as hard as that of the schools they have desired to eject. Never was there a better opportunity than at this moment for the New English Art Club to show its strength and value. The newspapers have been full of a controversy about its merits, its apologists are numerous and active, the great public has at last

awakened to a realization of its existence, and has ceased to laugh at its peculiarities. And this is the moment at which its vitality seems fading away.

Such at least is the impression which, we think, every fair-minded person must carry away from the show in the Dudley Gallery. There are some admirable things here, and many meritorious things, but no new rendering of nature, no mark of progress at any point. The formulas are by this time old-fashioned to those who have followed contemporary art with any care, and they are already stereotyped. What more is wanted, one asks one's self, than that these gentlemen should go on painting, more and more languidly, in this settled fashion, till some new generation comes knocking at their door, and treats them as they treat the Academicians? And this consummation is likely to come all the sooner because at their best, though they saw certain things very freshly and vividly, their vision was always narrow and their sympathies always restricted. They will become tiresome with the greater promptitude because their range was never any wider than a blackbird's.

One picture of great power is hung at the New English Art Club—the portrait of "Mr. R. Allison Johnson" (76), by Mr. C. W. Furse. Mr. Furse is a late convert to Impressionism, and he brings with him an acquaintance with the solid parts of painting acquired in a severer school. His Master of the North Hereford, on his hunter, with his hounds around him, seen dimly illuminated against a dark blue sky, is excellently designed and strongly modelled. Perhaps the painter has not quite succeeded in relieving the figures against the background, and perhaps the whole tone of the work is too nebulously gloomy. But, without hypercriticism, it is hard not to be pleased with this virile composition, which raises the reputation of Mr. Furse. Every one who is not prejudiced against the new school—or, rather, its forerunners—must enjoy M. Degas's "Au Café Concert" (31), with its exquisite lights and its colours as of a bed of tulips or congregation of parrots. Mr. P. Wilson Steer's "A Yacht Race" (54), with great white sails hurrying over a cobalt blue sea under a lilac sky, is radiant with sunlight, and painted with dash and spirit. We are acquainted with the strange and almost maniacal mode in which landscape affects M. Claude Monet. His crimson trees and bright green rocks no longer surprise us, and if his "Peupliers des bords de l'Epte" (51)—by no means, if we remember right, a recent picture—seems wholly artificial to our normal eyes, it is at least a charming rhapsody, intensely glowing and convincing in its curious way.

We have found nothing else at the New English Art Club which is of real importance, and there are some productions here which are deserving of something like positive reprehension. We desire to speak with respect of the talent of Mr. Walter Sickert; but he writes too violently of other painters to expect that his own experiments should be left intact. Of his large portrait of "Mr. Bradlaugh" at the Bar of the House (8) there is little to be said. It is black and heavy in colour, and we are unable to see in what it differs from the Academic full-length of the same class against which Mr. Sickert and his friends are wont to inveigh. The head does not seem to belong to the body, always an awkward circumstance in the case of a portrait. But we may allow this "Mr. Bradlaugh" to pass. Mr. Sickert's other portraits deserve stronger language. We forbear to give the name of the lady whose head is travestied (52) here, because we regard this portrait as nothing less than an outrage on good manners. It is hard to believe that Mr. Sickert did not paint it as a joke. A man must take care of himself, and we, therefore, join in the laugh at the expense of "M. Roussel" (99), who suffers a like indignity at the hands of Mr. Sickert. Like Smollett's *Travels*, this portrait should have been reserved for the victim's medical adviser. Seriously, we desire to make it as plain as we can that, as impressionist portraits, painted on the theory and in the tradition which Mr. Sickert professes, these are badly modelled, badly designed, badly coloured heads. That a painter of his pretensions should allow himself to exhibit them is a deplorable sign of want of critical faculty.

We must enumerate a few other works of minor importance which are not without merit. Mr. Edward Stott has done better things; but his "Blue, Gold and Scarlet" (42) and "Storks" (98) have charming qualities of illuminated colour. Mr. Steer's portraits disappoint us a little this year; "Miss Rosie Pettigrew" (44) is solid and well posed; "Miss Dorothy Hamilton" (85), with delicate

colour in its russets and lilacs, is the mere beginning of a sketch, exhibited before it was fit to leave the artist's easel. Mr. Furse's "Justice Henn Collins" (95) is put into the shade by his great hunting group. A new name comes forward—almost the only one—in Mr. Arthur H. Studd, who paints a "Soirée Bretonne" (6), and produces a finely drawn head in chalk of "Mon ami Auguste" (30). Mr. Rothenstein exhibits a second "Essay with an 1830 Bonnet" (111). Mr. Joseph Pennell, whose pen-and-ink work is too rarely seen in its original state, has admirably effective scenes in Hungary (2) and in Russia (9).

An exhibition is now open at the French Gallery, 120 Pall Mall, which owes its principal attraction to the fact that one of the most prominent of living Spanish artists is here seen for the first time in London. Half the show, in numbers, and much more than half in bulk, is occupied with the productions of Professor Francisco Pradilla, a leading member of the Madrid Royal Academy. The forty-three works exhibited by this painter display his talent in a great variety of forms—as a designer of great historical compositions, as a sketcher in colours, as a landscape-painter, and as a draughtsman. His art is one with which we cannot say that we are in very direct sympathy. It is founded upon Fortuny, and approximates to Madrazo; the actual painting occasionally recalls the practice of Munkacsy. His brush is full and "fat"; he revels in rich hues scattered jewel-fashion upon a dark basis. Of his two great historical pictures here exhibited, we greatly prefer "The Last Sigh of the Moor" (80), which represents the exiled Moorish monarch taking a last look at Granada. The composition here is original and highly effective; the story is plainly and pathetically told; while the colour, with the white horses and white robes, is simple and beautiful. "Boabdil surrendering the Keys" (36) is more elaborate and crowded, but less fortunate, and the point of the anecdote, Boabdil's distracted inattention to the courtesies of Ferdinand, seems to be missed. At the same time, each of these works possesses masterly qualities. Of the minor contributions, we like best some spirited studies of young men on horseback, excellently drawn from life. "A Spanish Hermit" (70) is ingenious and original; "The Crater of Vesuvius" (42) is a curious study; "La Cour d'Amour" (43) is a mediæval scene, carefully and even brilliantly realized. On the whole, we cannot question the talent of Professor Pradilla, although the school from which it proceeds is little to our taste.

Of the other works, all of which are small in size, we note several interesting examples. "In the Garden" (50), attributed to Fortuny himself, is a study of a girl, half nude, struggling her way through a wilderness of hollyhocks. A familiar and charming Heilbuth is "The Ferry at Bougival" (11). Professor Müller's Oriental heads and Herr Heffner's Leader-like landscapes are numerous and popular. It is interesting to see so characteristic an example of the eminent Swedish marine painter, Alfred Wahlberg, as his "Moonlight" (16); but it is not insular presumption which makes us feel that Mr. Henry Moore could do this thing better. "A Mother's Care" (12) is a good example of the soft warmth and high technical finish of Professor Wilhelm Sohn of Düsseldorf, one of the pillars of the German school of our day. Here is a charming scrap of Troyon, "Driving Geese" (4); a grim, bare "Brittany Homestead" (46), by Bastien-Lepage; "Waiting" (76), a clever example of the work of Professor Gabriel Max of Munich, poetical in the sense in which art may be poetical when made in Bavaria. Here are also noticeable little cabinet-pictures by L. Lhermitte, Béraud, Cazin, and Van Marcke.

IVORIES.

CHIEF among the treasures of the Spitzer collection which is shortly to be sold by auction in Paris are some ivories of great value, including specimens which illustrate the work of all countries and periods in which ivory-carving has been known. The English museums are not particularly rich in this form of work, though the Meyer collection at Liverpool contains no less than three consular diptychs, and the British Museum has, besides the famous Assyrian ivories, a fair collection of chests, statuettes, &c., and two daggers dating back to 1800 B.C. We hope, therefore, that some attempt will be made to obtain for England a fair share of the ivories in M. Spitzer's collection, though large

prices will probably be paid for most of them. A very fine diptych of the sixth century, representing the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, is one of the oldest of the Christian diptychs, and its purchaser will probably also be able to purchase the other portion of it, which is at Tongres, but would readily be sold. Another complete diptych of the fourteenth century, richly decorated with small carved figures, and showing traces of having been coloured in blue and gold, will probably cause some spirited bidding, M. Spitzer, it is said, having paid 25,000 francs for it. A jewelled ecclesiastical comb of the ninth century, which is a peculiarly perfect specimen of ivory work, might probably be bought for 1,500 or 2,000 francs. The earliest comb of this kind in England is of the eleventh century; it is carved in open work, with an interlacing scroll ornament, but is not perfect. Another, carved with subjects from the Gospels, is preserved at Hardwick Court, in Gloucestershire. These ceremonial combs were used by a bishop before celebrating High Mass, and numbers of them are mentioned in the inventories of all cathedrals. One was found among other relics in the tomb of St. Cuthbert, opened in 1827. Two chests, one of the fifth and one of the ninth century, are of great value; but the English collections are rich in these, and it is unlikely that the authorities will purchase any more. We also possess one of the finest specimens of ecclesiastical fans, which were formerly used in hot weather to keep flies away from the vessels on the altar, and are still used in the East, and occasionally in Italy, for this purpose. The specimen in M. Spitzer's collection is of very inferior workmanship.

It is a great calamity that so little of the ancient Greek work in ivory has survived. Pausanias mentions numerous statuettes and other pieces of work in ivory and gold, and every one will remember the famous ivory statues of Phidias, the Minerva at the Parthenon, nearly forty feet high, and the Jupiter at Olympia, which was fifty-eight feet. Ivories, except during this Greek period, form a continuous history of art such as can be equalled by no other kind of work. We cannot help regretting the breaking up of the Spitzer collection, which, taken in conjunction with the ivories in the Bibliothèque Nationale and in the Hôtel Cluny, and the Campana collection at the Louvre, made the study of this art exceptionally easy in Paris. A curious plaque of ivory in the Bibliothèque Nationale, 15 inches in length and 6 inches in width, suggests that in the sixth and seventh centuries people had discovered a method of softening and flattening ivory which is now unknown—unless, indeed, elephants had larger tusks than they have in these degenerate days. Mr. Herdrie suggests that immersion in certain solutions had a softening effect, and Sir Digby Wyatt has discovered, in an English MS. of the twelfth century, the following receipt:—"Two parts of quicklime, one part of pounded tile, one part of oil, and one part of torn tow; mix up all these with a lye made of elm bark." After being soaked in this the ivory became soft; when moulded into form it was to be placed in white vinegar, and would then become hard again. Needless to say, all these experiments have been tried without success. There is one specimen in the Spitzer collection of an ivory pastoral staff—a very rare piece of work, of which the South Kensington Museum only possesses one, the work of an English artist, though they must have been numerous before the Reformation. In earlier times they were usually made of wood, if we may judge from the old jest:

Au temps passé du siècle d'or,
Crosse de bois, évêque d'or;
Maintenant, changeant les lois,
Crosse d'or, évêque de bois.

One of the caskets in the British Museum was bought from M. Spitzer; it is of the eighth century, and is not real ivory, but whalebone. It has an inscription carved round it describing the taking of the whale at "Fergen" (lately identified with Ferry Hill, in Durham):—

The whale's bones from the fishes flood
I lifted on Fergen Hill:
He was gashed to death in his gambols,
As a-ground he swam in the shallows.

We hope that the authorities of South Kensington will manage, at any rate, to secure from the Spitzer collection what is necessary as a complement to the ivories which they already possess.

MR. MORTIMER MENPES.

IT would be idle flattery to praise Mr. Menpes without reserve. Such a collection as that now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswells' speaks so strongly for the artist's ability, and, above all, for the genuineness of his effort, that we are persuaded to believe his progress inevitable. In a few of these little pictures of France, Spain, and Morocco he seems on the very heels of fine art; neither carelessness nor weakness, but an anxious thought of each step, spoils his running. Determined to secure fine qualities of handling and a strong decorative scheme of colouring, he will not forego the realities of form and atmosphere, or renounce the ambition to give his work an illustrative character. There is no easy victory for a mind of this stamp. His cultivation of separate aims is not yet regulated by a master-conception of picture-making. He still builds up qualities—strengthening them with buttresses, instead of letting them grow like branches from the parent stem. He is concerned that you should feel the effects of a powerful sun on shut-in near-at-hand objects—walls, shop-fronts, court-yards, booths, coloured stuffs, and human figures. He will not abate a jot of the nice quality of paint suggested by an intimate view of these objects. He pursues a fine finish of features into a depth of shadow, and as it were picks it from a gloom made of finely handled paint. But you must know how this figure was placed in relation to the rest of the world. You must feel the riot of oriental colour inside and outside in the glare of the sun. You must see the street as well as the interior. With all this Mr. Menpes must give you the prismatic effect of complementary colour between sunlight and shadow. In fact, Mr. Menpes must too often put together incompatible ways of feeling nature on the same canvas. He would show the quality suggested by a concentrated view of an object; the composition suited to a wide illustrative view of a street scene; a rich decorative treatment of strong local colours; and a prismatic impressionist view of sunshine. The task of reconciling these various sentiments about nature in a telling unity of art has been too much for Mr. Menpes. It has made work clever and artificial-looking that should have been simple and imposing.

For these reasons, in his failures, one observes certain over-hard definitions, a lack of fusion in the light, of mystery in the shadow, of convincing truth in the relation of colour between shadow and sunlight. He succeeds when his masses have been seen simply, as in the fresh, lively view of faint sunshine, "The Door of the Theatre," or when he has restricted the view, as in "The Doubtful Coin." We will not quote his less successful work, for he is always lively, interesting, and himself interested in all that he paints, even when he follows a false ideal.

DANTE EXHIBITION.

A DANTE Loan Exhibition has been opened this week at University Hall, in Gordon Square, under the direction and management of Mr. Philip Wicksteed. The show is well worth a visit, and it seems a pity that it could not remain open longer than has been announced. The exhibits are more interesting than artistic, and, with the help of the catalogue, form a sort of personally-conducted tour through the *Divine Comedy*. Besides a number of pictures, relevant or irrelevant, there are cases of manuscripts and books connected with Dante literature, with charts and plans, to illustrate the geography, history, and astronomy of the time, while Mr. Streeter contributes a collection of gems to show the symbolical significance of colours and examples of precious stones mentioned by Dante. Among the books, the most satisfactory portion of the Exhibition, are a number of works read in the Italian Universities in Dante's time; the Grammars of Priscian and Donatus; the Twelve Tracts of Petrus Hispanus, selected on account of Dante's references to these authors; Boethius on Music and Arithmetic; with treatises of Ptolemy, Aristotle, and Avicenna. The MS. of Boethius lent by the Archbishop of Canterbury is in very fine preservation, and though ascribed to the tenth century, is probably of much later date, as is also a splendid Book of Hours, ascribed without much reason to the twelfth century. The pigments have unfortunately been scraped by some thief of a scribe for further use, but the colours

are still brilliant, and are a fine example of the art "which in Paris is called illuminating." There is also a complete set of fourteenth-century commentaries and two of the fifteenth century. The great treasure, from a bibliographical point of view, is the commentary of Cristoforo Landino of 1481, with illustrations by Botticelli, from the Vernon collection; the rest are modern reprints. Among early editions of the Comedy are the Aldines of 1502 and 1515. These treasures alone confer distinction on the exhibition.

The pictures, consisting mostly of reproductions and inadequate photographs, are rather miscellaneous, a great many having very little reference to Dante. Sketches and photographs of Rossetti's works one would expect to see, as no English poet or painter has been so thoroughly influenced by or has so thoroughly absorbed the Dantesque spirit. The best picture is a pen-and-ink drawing of "The first meeting of Dante and Beatrice," by Simeon Solomon. It is a most charming little work, exquisitely finished, with all the qualities demanded by the modern artist in pen-draughtsmanship; it recalls the delicate work of the illuminator; and, in the *naïveté* of the conception, reminds us of Sir John Millais's early manner before he seceded from the pre-Raphaelites. Suggested, we presume, by a passage in the *Vita Nuova*, Dante is represented as being introduced to Beatrice at a children's party. From the execution it might well be the study for an old master's engraving. There is another interesting study for Sir Frederick Leighton's picture of "Cimabue's Madonna carried in Triumph," now in the Royal collection, and an oil-painting from the same hand, remarkable chiefly for its size. A Blake water-colour, of very doubtful authenticity, and a charming landscape of Siena by Mr. Swynnerton, though singularly out of place, are worthy of attention. More relevant are Blake's designs for the *Inferno*, and Mrs. Traquair's topographical linear drawings to the Comedy. Among the photographs is the Portinari altarpiece by Hugo van der Goes at Florence. The catalogue makes the astounding statement "that the little girl may probably represent Beatrice." Considering that Van der Goes lived in the fifteenth century, and Beatrice in the thirteenth, it must certainly be a posthumous likeness. Van der Goes, it is true, *was* employed by Tomaso Portinari, the direct descendant of Folco, the father of Beatrice. The little girl is of course a daughter of Tomaso, but that Beatrice should have sat for her portrait in 1473 is more remarkable than all the wonders of the *Inferno*.

INDIAN TAXATION.

IN a recent debate in the House of Commons the hon. member for Central Finsbury is reported to have renewed his habitual complaint of the intolerable load of taxation under which the natives of India are by him believed to labour. So long as Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji was only an interesting Parsi visitor in London, it did not very much signify what he said; and people did not appear to think it worth while to expose his fiscal fallacies. But when he reproduces them from his place in Parliament, and when they pass uncorrected by the next speaker (although an India Office representative), the matter assumes a new and even dangerous aspect. A reference to the latest published information—with which Mr. G. W. E. Russell may be presumed to be unacquainted—will quickly show the real state of the case.

One need not go into very recondite official records. The third edition of Sir W. Hunter's *Indian Empire*, published a few weeks ago, is probably to be found in the Finsbury Free Library, and certainly in the Library of the House of Commons. The whole facts of Indian taxation are condensed and tabulated on p. 544 and the next few pages. It will be at once seen that the revenues of the Indian Empire are by no means derived from taxes alone; the annual accounts in which they are shown represent not only the proceeds of taxation, but also the proceeds of various investments and concerns in which the Government of India is engaged. Deducting such items, we find a balance of income which may be considered under two heads or classes—(1) the Land Revenue, which in the last ten years has risen from 22 to 24 millions (Rs or tens of rupees); and (2) the Actual Taxation, which during the same period has averaged about 20 millions, but is now something above that sum. During 1890-91—the last year of which the

accounts have been included in the book—the figures stood thus:—

Land revenue	Rx24,045,209
Salt-tax	8,523,368
Stamps	4,068,969
Excise	4,947,780
Customs	1,743,218
Assessed taxes	1,617,396
Provincial rates	3,491,240
	24,391,971
Grand total	48,437,180

Now the results of this schedule are easily stated. The Land Revenue is merely the moiety of the rent—an item only payable by landholders. "So far as this source goes," said James Mill before a Parliamentary Committee, "the people remain untaxed." It is not even a drain upon the landholders of India, for they pay a proportion less than that under which the land first came into their hands. Stamps are bought by persons executing contracts or coming into Court with suits. Excise, Customs, Assessed Taxes, and Rates are easily understood. The peasantry, therefore—who form, according to Mr. Baines, about seventy per cent. of the population—need not pay anything but the Poll-tax levied on the consumers of salt; that is the only due which is inevitable and universal. An ordinary villager need not, unless he pleases, hold real estate or rateable property, use stamped paper, drink ardent spirits, consume dutiable imports, or return his Income-schedule to the assessor. Salt, however, he cannot do without; and this is what is said on that subject by a Liberal statesman of wide experience.

In a Minute in which he reviewed his Administration of the Government of Madras, Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff thus described the Salt-tax:—"Our population is not rich; but a tax which raises, on an average, six annas and two pies—say, about a franc—a head per annum cannot be called excessive. It is not a high price at which to buy freedom from violence; and the poorest of our people, those who, if not defended by the strong arm of the law, would be slaves, hardly make any other contribution to their own protection."

That is the irreducible minimum of Indian taxation—less than half a rupee per head yearly. Or, if we take the total taxation of the latest year—Land Revenue apart—we find that the population of 220 millions pay 240 millions of rupees; so that, if all consumed the articles above enumerated in the same proportion, each would pay annually about fifteen pence—at the present rate of exchange—for the service of the State. But, since the greater part of that taxation is not obligatory, the real incidence upon the ordinary *rāyat* is evidently much less; and Sir M. Grant Duff's estimate, if correct, shows that in actual truth an average native not holding real property, enjoying an assessable income, or consuming luxuries, will contribute about two days' wages of unskilled labour out of 365 for the advantages of civilized administration. What would the income of these islands be if 70 per cent. of the British nation only paid the State 5s. a head per annum?

The truth is that Mr. Naoroji's vague, and not very loyal, asseverations involve a patent error. You not only do not tax India heavily, but you could not if you wished. In all countries the incidence of taxation is in inverse ratio to the amount of arbitrariness in the administration; nothing being more expensive than freedom. It is almost impossible to tax an unrepresented community, unless by charging the people in ways to which they have been long accustomed; the balance of revenue in such countries must be got by indirect means, or dispensed with altogether. The problem of governing on Occidental principles, and an Oriental revenue, involves a great and growing difficulty, to aggravate which is not the office of a responsible citizen.

REVIEWS.

MODERN METEOROLOGY.*

IT is to be regretted that Dr. Waldo, in his choice of a title for his book, should have pitched upon one already appropriated, for "Modern Meteorology" is the title of the course of six lec-

* *Modern Meteorology: an Outline of the Growth and Present Condition of some of its Phases.* By Frank Waldo, Ph.D. London: Walter Scott (Lim.)

tures delivered before the Meteorological Society in 1878, and published by Stanford in 1879. The present book cannot in any way be considered a popular treatise, and therefore does not seem likely to command an extensive sale; for its object—a very laudable one—is to place before the student of meteorology a *résumé* of some of the latest investigations and publications on the theories on which meteorology is being prosecuted at present, and which have appeared for the most part in German periodicals.

Our author is, however, not always quite accurate as to his statements. In speaking of meteorological congresses and their results, he puts down Dr. Hann, instead of Dr. Jelinek (called by him Jalinek), as one of the signatories, with Wild and Bruhns, to the invitation to the Leipzig Conference in 1872, the first of all these gatherings. Moreover, he states, at p. 24, as one of the achievements of these International Conferences, "The systematic reduction and publication of Ocean Meteorological data," whereas the perusal of the latest Conference Report, that of Munich in 1891, which Dr. Waldo elsewhere quotes, would have shown him that the object to which he alludes was there admitted to be quite unattainable.

The chapter on Apparatus and Methods takes up 120 pages—nearly one half the book—and in it the author, in treating of the determination of the freezing-point on thermometers, deals with the differences between the *depressed zero*, the *raised zero*, and the *zero of long repose*. We may, perhaps, suggest for his consideration whether such hair-splitting is of much practical value, inasmuch as the question of the proper exposure of thermometers to show air temperature is not yet in any way settled by international agreement. The differences in readings produced by differences of exposure are far greater than those due to uncertainty to the extent of a few hundredths of a degree as to the freezing-point! In much the same way, when treating of barometrical pressure, Dr. Waldo gives three full-page illustrations of three normal barometers, of most elaborate construction, at as many different observatories in Europe, without any sufficient explanation of any of the woodcuts. Surely not one meteorologist out of a thousand is ever likely to have to take an observation with such an instrument.

The book, in this part, may perhaps be considered to have been, more or less, written up to existing illustrations; for we find views of several observatories, and among them two of Ben Nevis, in summer and winter respectively, reproduced from the *Strand Magazine*! The author acknowledges the sources of all his illustrations.

The arrangements at the Russian Central Observatory, Pawlowsk, twenty miles from St. Petersburg, are described in detail, as much as five pages being devoted to the calendar of daily duties, which are mapped out with the extremest military precision. Thus, between 6.20 and 7.20 A.M. no less than twenty-seven different observations are to be taken, in proper fixed sequence. We must leave our readers to judge whether much of this precision is likely to exist, except on paper. We all know the story of the Russian sentinel and the primrose.

The larger half of the book, which comes after the chapter on Apparatus, is of very great utility, as showing to English meteorologists, many of whom are not familiarly conversant with German journals, what has been the purport of some of the more important papers appearing in those pages. The first subject taken up is the thermodynamics of the atmosphere, as treated by von Bezold and by Hertz. We must at the outset register our protest against some of the terminology employed. Firstly, the line representing the change of volume of a gas at constant temperature, when pressure increases or diminishes, is called an "isothermal," a totally new use of the term, for which we believe Professor Rankine was responsible. Dr. Waldo himself uses the term later on in the book, without a syllable of remark, in its usual climatological sense, as a line indicating the course of temperature on the earth's surface. Secondly—and here we think Dr. Waldo might easily have done better—he speaks of the "dry stadium," the "rain stadium," &c. Now *στάδιον* is never used classically except as a measure of length, and the idea intended to be conveyed by "stadium" might be much better rendered into English by the word "stage," as it really means a condition of the atmosphere, giving rise to rain, hail, &c.

Dr. von Bezold, whose views our author mainly represents, and whose papers have appeared in the Transactions of the Berlin Academy, employs the graphical method of representing the changes which take place in the atmosphere, and Dr. Waldo does not attempt to introduce into the book the mathematical reasoning which von Bezold employs, in addition to his diagrams, in his original papers, but endeavours to place before his readers an account o

the general outcome of the inquiry. This is very useful, and in connexion with it we find a summary of Hertz's investigations, and a reproduction of the diagram given to illustrate his graphical method of determining the adiabatic changes of condition of damp air, which appeared in the *Meteorologische Zeitschrift* nine years ago, and which has not as yet received the attention it decidedly merits.

Chapter IV. is on the general motions of the atmosphere, and here we have first, the results of Ferrel's theories, mainly represented by long quotations from his various works, and finally an account of the most recent papers by Werner von Siemens and by Max Möller.

Chapter V. is devoted to the secondary motions of the atmosphere, and here the number of writers to be noticed is very large. Dr. Waldo mainly speaks of Ferrel, Loomis, Vettin, Hann, and, though last not least, his own teacher, von Bezold. Among the most interesting parts of Hann's work are the results he has obtained for the atmospheric conditions above the earth by means of the discussion of the observations made at the Sonnblück Observatory, at the level of over ten thousand feet, as compared with those at adjacent lower level stations, and in which he shows that, under certain conditions, cyclones have cold centres and anti-cyclones warm ones—the exact converse of what has usually been believed to have been the case. Von Bezold's inquiries into "centred" and "non-centred" cyclones are also mentioned at some length. For all this, and for the definitions and import of "critical surfaces" and "critical gradients," we must refer the reader to the work itself.

The subject of the last chapter, No. VI., is Applied Meteorology, and this is considered under two heads—"Oscillations in Climate," and "Applications of the Science to Agriculture." As regards the former of these, our author gives an abstract of the results of Dr. Brückner's work (*Klimaschwankungen*, Vienna, 1891), in which the subjects of variations of rainfall, of lake levels, of glacier extension, &c. &c., are treated in great detail. The general outcome is given by Dr. Waldo as follows:—

'An average time of about thirty-five years is then found to intervene between one period of excess or deficiency of warmth and the next, accompanied by the opposite relative condition of moisture; and this shows itself in all of the various data and methods which Brückner has used in considering the question.'

The applications of meteorology to agriculture have not as yet attracted much attention in this country, and, moreover, Dr. Waldo states that he has not had access to the results of the Rothamsted experiments, so that his statements refer chiefly to the papers which have of late years appeared from time to time in Dr. Wollny's *Forschungen auf dem Gebiete der Agriculturphysik* and Dehérain's *Annales Agronomiques*. Dr. Waldo describes the present status of this subject fairly enough when he says "the meteorologist awaits the demands of the agriculturist, while the latter seems to be waiting to see what the meteorologist can do for him." He goes on to mention the different points in connexion with climate which require further elucidation in regard of their influence on plant-growth. In this he never mentions the work of Alphonse de Candolle, whose death we are now deploring, nor does he allude to the results of cumulative temperature calculations which have for the last nine years appeared in the Weekly Weather Report published by our own Meteorological Office. The notices he does give are, however, useful and suggestive.

On the whole, the book is calculated to render good service to the class of men for which it is intended; and, if it induces meteorologists in general to read papers appearing in foreign periodicals, it will have done a great work.

We have already noticed more than one slip, owing, we must suppose, to hurried correction of proofs. Professor Marie Davy appears as Marie Davie, and the late Mr. Whipple is dubbed Professor in the preface. More serious mistakes are the spelling of siphon with a y, and the mention of the Vienna Meteorological Observatory, the Höhwarte, at p. 164, without the article, as if it were a town or village, instead of being a building in the suburb of Ober-Döbling. It is strange to find such a slip in the writings of one who has studied for some time in Germany.

There is one curious error, apparently due to the binder—Plate 95, a weather map of the Northern Hemisphere, faces p. 248, while the reference to it is on p. 348.

NOVELS.*

MR. FRANCILLON is one of the novelists with whom one knows that one is pretty safe. He is sure to tell a story, incidents more or less stupendous are sure to occur in it, and you may expect with very considerable confidence to encounter one or more picturesque and vividly described personages, whose entrances on the scene you will welcome, whose proceedings you will follow with interest, and whose exits will generally be matter of regret. Also the story will be reasonably well written, and told not without a merry humour. To this general description *Ropes of Sand* perfectly answers. The period of the story is the end of the last century, and the place North Devon, in the immediate neighbourhood, apparently, of Morte Point and Wollacombe Sands, though most of the names mentioned are fictitious. At or near the village of Stoke Juliot lived Francis Carew, a yokel squire with no relations. His only neighbour was Parson Pengold, an Oxonian and a scholar, run hopelessly to seed among pigs, smugglers, and farmers who objected to paying tithes. The parson's family consisted of a long-lost daughter (of somebody else) of whom he had taken charge when, being yet an infant, she was washed ashore from a wreck. Carew was afraid to make this young person's acquaintance on account of her supposed refinement, and therefore filled up the intervals of solitary boozing in the company of Nance Derrick, his keeper's daughter. The action begins with the interruption upon the scene of a most pleasing impostor, asserting himself to be a captain in Her Majesty's land forces, and a person of world-wide experience and achievement. It indirectly ensued that Carew became madly enamoured of Mabel Openshaw, the parson's foundling, who, however, was disposed to prefer Quickset, the impostor. There also appears about the same time a wild man of the woods, extremely amiable, but more or less mad—generally more. A mysterious murder led all these people, and some more, into a lively and complicated series of ructions; which ultimately, with the aid of a mad-doctor and a baronet, got combed out fairly straight, all the mysteries which had arisen being duly accounted for. There are several people in the book whom we like. Carew himself is rather a bore, but the parson is first-rate (though not perhaps extraordinarily new), and the impostor and the long-lost daughter are excellent company. Altogether, it is a highly satisfactory story.

Through Thick and Thin has for its moral, if any, the proposition that a too complete devotion to the more immediate personal convenience of one's friends and relations may be productive of disastrous results, no less than if the convenience so anxiously studied is one's own. Gay Rushton, the heroine of the story, was the daughter of a worthless blackguard, and the step-daughter of an amiable but silly young woman. She therefore devoted herself to the latter, with an unflinching enthusiasm which gives its title to the story. The unsatisfactory parent and husband deserted his family, and was reported dead. No reader can be taken in, but the ladies were, and Sophy (the stepmother), after reasonable precautions and the like, married again. The actual state of affairs was, of course, discovered by Gay, who had to deal with the unpleasant situation as best she could. She determined upon saving Sophy, who supposed herself to be securely married to No. 2, from all knowledge of the fact, and to a considerable extent succeeded in doing so. The lies which this deception involved proved, of course, extremely inconvenient to Gay herself, and she worked what may be called "the self-sacrifice racket" with immense energy. At the end of all, it appears that she would probably have done better for everybody if she had been a little less exclusively altruistic. Mrs. Hollis, it will be seen, has not indulged in any strenuous novelty of plot, but she has made excellent use of her material, and the story as it stands is a good one, and particularly well told. The love-making of the heroine and hero—he is a journalist, as they almost all are nowadays, though also a person of independent means—is gracefully enough done, and the secondary characters include a mother and daughter in whom the ordinary virtues and the ordinary feelings of civilized and fairly good people are blended with considerable cunning. Mrs. Hollis is hardly so strong in picking up the pieces after the catastrophe as in chronicling the outwardly commonplace events that lead up to it; but that is the lot of

* *Ropes of Sand*. A Novel. By R. E. Francillon, Author of "Olympia" &c. London: Chatto & Windus. 1893.

Through Thick and Thin. By Margery Hollis, Author of "Anthony Fairfax" &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1893.

The World of Chance. A Novel. By William D. Howells, Author of "A Foregone Conclusion" &c. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1893.

Warpod. By John Garth. London: Digby, Long, & Co.

The Story of a Davoity, and the Lolapaw Week. An Up-country Sketch. By G. K. Betham. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1893.

most novelists, and as the part where she is stronger is necessarily longer, perhaps it is just as well.

The person called Ray was singular among Americans in one respect. He had three Christian names—Percy Bysshe Shelley—and instead of calling himself Percy B. Ray, or Percy S. Ray, as might have been expected, he placed on the title-page of his novel, after somewhat prolonged consideration, the simple legend "By S. Ray." The American public found it hard at first to believe that this was not a *nom de guerre*, and would not be assured of its genuineness until swarms of interviewers took up the tale, and told them all about the gifted author. His adventures at and immediately before and after the publication of this novel form the substance of *The World of Chance*, in which Mr. Howells seems to have been tentatively suggesting a moral of a somewhat alarming kind—namely, that the career of a work of fiction, in its relations with publishers, printers, booksellers, and the public, consists of a succession of pure and unmitigated flukes. This is a theory like another, and Mr. Howells should have better opportunities than most people of appraising its value. He is, however, careful not to commit himself one way or the other. Ray's book was called *A Modern Romeo*. It had an extremely violent plot, expounded at some length by the author, and was called "psychological," apparently because the catastrophe turned a good deal upon somebody being mesmerized by somebody else. It had a considerable success, after or on account of a long and eulogistic review in an authoritative newspaper, which was written because the critic took it home by mistake instead of another book, and read it just after he had been interested by some other publication concerning mesmerism. The publishers sold forty-three thousand copies, and then the sale stopped abruptly and finally. This is the bulk of the story. The author's life while it was all happening is described by Mr. Howells in his usual manner. Ray made several acquaintances in New York, but saw most of two publishers, a paradoxical philosopher, and a crazy altruist with a family of two daughters and a son-in-law. The son-in-law was very mad indeed, and one day poisoned himself with prussic acid, after being prevented by Ray from stuffing it down his sister-in-law's throat. This sister-in-law was a dowdyish young woman of the type-writing sort, named Peace. She and Ray carried on a gloomy flirtation, at the end of which Ray reluctantly proposed to her. Much to his relief, she let him off, avowing rather cryptically that she had loved him once, but that her passion had unaccountably dried up. So he went back to the place whence he came, which was out West. Why has no novelist yet given us "the novel within the novel" in its entirety? It would be interesting to see for oneself Mr. Howells's idea of a novel which—by chance—was "boomed" by reviewers, and sold forty-three thousand copies, neither more nor less.

We are inclined to think of "John Garth," as the American public thought of "S. Ray," that it is not the real name of the author of the novel on whose title-page it appears. *Warped* is one of those stories which leave on the mind of the ordinary reader a prevailing impression of amazement that anybody should know so little about everything as appears to be the case with the author. As for the story, there is love-making, faithlessness, sudden death, running away to be an actress (and becoming the greatest that ever was seen), a long-lost son (and heir), erroneous accusation of felony, more sudden death, and so on. But every episode is an endeavour to describe an event such as happens from time to time in real life, and every description strongly suggests that the author has none but the vaguest and most untrustworthy information on the subject. One rather touching manifestation of ignorance recurring frequently throughout the work consists of asseverations that the entire population of London, or England, as the case may be, every writer or reader of a newspaper, and every person walking along a street, are profoundly interested in the particular one of the events indicated above that happens to be going on. A newspaper obtains "a wonderful popularity and a phenomenal sale" because it is supposed to be better informed than others about a new play, by an unknown author, in which an actress new to the metropolis is expected to appear. Of course, the supreme importance of it was that author and actress were hero and heroine of *Warped*, but how did the public know that? It is impossible to feel unkindly towards so simple-hearted a writer, especially as there is hardly anything in the story that is extravagantly bad, and we can only hope for his or her sake that ignorance is bliss.

The pair of Anglo-Indian stories published under the title of *The Story of a Duoity* are interesting—or the first of them is—more for the author's knowledge of native habits of life, and of police work, than for any particular literary skill shown in their production. The style, indeed, is simple; the simplicity is of the ingenuous rather than of the supremely artistic sort. The sub-

stance of the first and longer tale has, however, much merit—assuming, as seems inherently probable, that the nature of the main events is accurately set out. The hunting down of the dacoits by English officers and their subordinates, and the action of the various officials of a native State which is concerned in the matter, are fresh to most English readers, and well enough told to make their perusal both interesting and agreeable. It may be well to remind the author—who will know what we mean—that both in war and in operations that partake of the nature of war certain things are sometimes rightly done and suffered of which it is not well to impart the details too fully to a merely curious public.

TWO TRANSLATIONS OF RABELAIS.*

IT should be matter of rejoicing to Pantagruelists that within a few months, almost within a few weeks, a firm of publishers and a private person should have thought it worth while to issue two editions, each more or less sumptuous, and containing together the number of nearly two thousand copies of the works of Master Francis. Some natural diminution of his joy a Pantagruelist here or there would, or might, feel in thinking that it would be better still if the two thousand copies were in French. But not much; for Rabelais in English is better than no Rabelais at all, and the translation of Urquhart, which is given unaltered in one, and which has largely affected the other, is of itself something like a masterpiece.

We shall perform the odorous task of caparison as lightly as possible. Both versions are worthy of the original, and if we personally prefer the older, it does not follow that others should or ought. Indeed, the attractions of both are not merely different, but complementary. If the time-honoured text reproduced by Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen is the more racy, and from old habit familiar, Mr. Smith's is unquestionably the closer and more exact. If the one has the advantage of some really charming illustrations, the other brings the sober but solid appeal of a very thorough and scholarly summary of all necessary biographical information, and of a version (which, speaking under correction, we do not think has ever been attempted in English before) of the minor works. Both are well printed on good paper, and though Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen's volumes are of very large size, they are not in the least clumsy. Therefore, if any one is asked which he will have, we recommend him to say, as erst in childhood, "Both." If he adds three French editions—that of the "Collection Jannet" for handiness and portability, the Variorum of 1823 for its notes and the quaint, if not very important or authentic, figures of the *Songes Drolatiques*, and M. Marty Laveaux for accuracy and critical apparatus (though we disagree with him in toto about the Fifth Book), he will be as well provided with a Rabelais library as any Pantagruelist need wish to be. For even M. Heulhard, though splendid and interesting, is not necessary, and even M. Fleury, though painstaking and sensible, is facultative. Marry, we would not speak unkindly of Mr. Besant, and the little book in the *Grands Ecrivains* series is not contemptible; but these are merely shoe-horns to draw on the *pantoufle*, the *pantagroufle*, as our Abstractor of Quintessence would certainly have said if he had thought of it. Most of the rest may be silence.

For in truth Rabelais, like all great classics, can hardly be read with too little apparatus, though there are few who give opportunity for more. Some sort of glossarial notes may be necessary, and some sort of explanation of allusions desirable; but, on the whole, it is vanity. The Pantagruelist needs little more than the text, and nobody but the Pantagruelist will ever make much of it with the most copious annotation. Some decent ushering was needed, no doubt, and, though we cannot help thinking that Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen might have found an Englishman to introduce an English edition of Rabelais to Englishmen, they could not out of England have selected any one more proper for the task than M. de Montaignon. That excellent scholar has had forty years' practice in introducing old French classics to modern French and other readers, and has displayed in combination the accuracy of a pupil and Professor of the Ecole des Chartes and the taste and sense of the best kind of French man of letters. We can, after years of reading much of what has been written, and a great deal more than need have been written, about Master Francis, for the most part say ditto to nearly all the

* *The Works of Rabelais*. Translated into English by Thomas Urquhart and Peter Morteux. With an Introduction by Anaclet de Montaignon and Illustrated by Louis Chalon. 2 vols. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1892.

Rabelais. A new Translation by W. F. Smith, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. London: printed for Subscribers by A. P. Watt. 1893.

opinions he has expressed, and we do not think that any one will find that he has omitted any really necessary information. Naturally, being a Frenchman, he has said less than might have been said about the incomparable Sir Thomas, but Urquhart's own countrymen have little reason to reproach him for this.

We own, also, to some rejoicing in the illustrations of Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen's edition. The Scylla and Charybdis of an illustrator of Rabelais are very well marked and very well known. There is the danger, into which the late Jules Garnier fell, of exaggerating the *gaucherie* of the master; and there is the danger, which even M. Robida has not escaped, of being grotesque and gigantesque *ad nauseam*. M. Chalon has steered betwixt right cunningly. He has not been ascetic in his fancy (which would have been absurd), and the *natatoire* at the Abbey of Theleme is a gracious study of gracious objects. He has not forgotten the grotesque-gigantesque side. The mighty baby, Gargantua, lolling on his cot and emptying glass after glass of Septembrail juice as fast as his nurses can bring supplies; the mountain range of Pantagruel's teeth; and the jovial prince himself holding up a lion by the scruff of its squealing neck to examine it, are good fooling in this way. They pass the Equinoctials well, and an honest Vapian shall find no lack of sapience in them. But M. Chalon has not neglected that side of Rabelais which so many have forgotten—his predilection for gentle and courtly life, the love of decency in the best sense which accompanies his so-called indecency. Very pretty is the cavalier who has crept through the abbey cloister to steal—but not vulgarly to snatch—a kiss from the damsel who sits reading inside; very graceful the interpretation of one of Panurge's most doubtful dreams. Best of all is the picture of that scene which would make us certain that the Fifth Book is genuine if squadrons and gross turns of pedants said nay—the picture of Quintessence, the lady and sovereign of all of us, curing the sick with a song. Only we wish M. Chalon had selected the still more graceful moment which follows, when she revives the astonished Pantagruel with her “beau bouquet de rose franche.” Very deplorable, in truth, is that man who has not been touched with the roses that Queen Whims carries, and has not heard the “paroles byssines ou pour le moins de taffetas cramoisi” from her lips.

But these are raptures, and we must return from Entelechy to Mr. Smith. We have confessed that he has not for us quite the charm of the inimitable author of the *Triastetras*, who, on his part, was worthy to be a deputy Abstractor of Quintessence herself, and had most assuredly sojourned in her kingdom. But he is very good, very clear, very scholarly, and has collected together a great many things which, though French scholars in the proper sense may know them, ordinary English readers do not know at all. Perhaps he is a little too modest. Over-dogmatism and bumpiousness are indeed vile sins in a critic; but still we rather like him to have a definite view of his own well based on, compared with, or opposed to those of his predecessors, but to some extent independent of them. However, on the most important point of all—the Fifth Book—Mr. Smith speaks with no uncertain voice, and is as sound as a roach. In another way, and in a different sense, his modesty has, we think, caused him to stumble. He has left, he tells us, five chapters in the original French because they were “too offensive,” and because “the romance is in no way helped forward by them” (a most unlucky plea, surely, in respect of the most helter-skelter and harum-scarum of books, to at least half the chapters of which it would apply equally). And he goes on to say, “Even as it is, much had to be written from which one's feelings and pen recoiled.” This is highly creditable to Mr. Smith's delicacy, and certainly the person who, nowadays, takes positive pleasure in the greater part of the matter to which he refers must have a very singular taste, and one which, without Pharisaism, any one may thank Heaven that he does not share. But surely Mr. Smith gives a handle to the enemy in speaking thus? “If,” say they, “you—an initiate, a partisan—feel thus, what are not we others entitled, or bound, to feel?” And there is some force in the argument. For our parts, we do not think we should translate Rabelais; but if we did, we should translate every word, not blenching thereat any more than we blench at *Love's Labour's Lost*. Why, one of the five which Mr. Smith puts in quarantine was a special favourite with Southey, a man of the purest morals, of the manliest intellect and spirit, of the soundest and sincerest religion that any man has ever boasted!

However, we shall own that Mr. Smith was not in an easy position, and that he was sure to be found fault with, whatever he did. We have already borne testimony to the general merits of his version. On particular points a review of the dimensions of the present cannot but be scrappy and desultory. Mr. Smith more than once refers to Sir Thomas Browne as an English analogue of Rabelais; but we are not sure whether he knows how

devout a Pantagruelist that great and learned knight was. Browne's Rabelaisian letter is one of the best things of the kind; and we are certain that Rabelais would have given the finest binding and the most prominent shelf in the Abbey library to Sir Thomas's projected, but alas! unwritten or lost, “Dialogue between two twins before birth as to their future prospects in the world.” When Mr. Smith says that the surname of the immortal Janotus is “made to resemble the designation of a syllogism,” we doubt. Rabelais, it should be observed, never objects to his pedants ignorance of technicalities in logic. Now BrAgmArD is an impossible mood in any figure. For let us hear the Church. “Si conclusio sit negativa erit etiam altera præmissarum.” The simple derivation from *Bracquemart*, a cutlass, which he also gives, will, considering the various senses of that word, quite suffice. It might have been worth while to point out in the note on *haltères* that the French habitually use the word now for the dumb-bells, or Indian clubs, which Anglomania has put into the hands of their young men, and still more of their girls. We do not quite like *Trencherites* for “Entommeures,” not because of “Funnels,” which for all its prescription is, of course, wrong, but because the termination *eure* must refer not to the carver or eater, but to the slice carved. “Of the slivers” might do; and Friar John Cutandcomeagain might be best of all, not to mention that it is very like the titles of the giants in the *Amadis*. And why does Mr. Smith call Le Duchat “Duchât”? You drop “de” in so speaking, but not “Le” or “La,” which, in fact, is part of the name.

But we need not continue annotations of this kind, which, indeed, we have only made, according to an old rule of ours, to show Mr. Smith that we have not contented ourselves with merely turning over his book and reading his prefaces. We hope that it and its friendly rival or emulous auxiliary may bring more Englishmen to the study of a very great book and a very great man, both of whom have been injured, not merely by the clamours of the unco' guid and the unco' proper, but by the unwise attempts of others to make the book a school and the man a teacher of free-thinking and free-living. It is possible, of course, that one particular branch of the Church Catholic will never forgive the Ringing Island and that of Papimania, the Abbey of Theleme and the Library of Saint-Victor. But that Church, as such, has nothing to fear from Rabelais, no grudge to owe him, and no fault to find, except faults which were common to the best and most orthodox folk of his time. These faults are a pity. But they do not diminish, if they slightly obscure, his mastery of the joy and the science of living, his sense of wonder and of humour, his treasures of knowledge and of jest.

THE RAUZAT-US-SAFA.—PART II.*

THESE two volumes complete the History of Muhammad by a Persian author who flourished some seven hundred years after the Hegirâ. Muhammad is, of course, the correct orthography, and it means “the one who is praised.” It is almost identical with Ahmad, the Arabic comparative of laudable. The first volume of the *Garden of Purity* was reviewed in these pages on the 2nd of April, 1892, and now we have, in two additional volumes, a complete history of the Prophet, not exactly as he appeared in the eyes of his early converts and followers, but in all the legends, accretions, miraculous interpositions, deliverances, and manifestations, which piety and poetry have associated with his career. Those who wish for accurate biographies of Muhammad will continue to refer to the standard works of Sir William Muir and Dr. Sprenger, who are both accurate and profound Arabic scholars. The general and average student may content himself with the splendid chapters of Gibbon, who, if not the very first of historians, has produced the most complete historical work known to any literature. To miraculous powers the Prophet laid no claim. His own principles, policy, and practice were simple, clear, and precise. There was one God, and Muhammad, the last of a line of illustrious men commissioned to deliver the message of God to mankind, was his Prophet. Abraham was the friend of God; Moses his *kaldm*, or speech; Nuh or Noah, his preacher; and Jesus Christ his *Ruh*, or Holy Spirit. The cardinal points of the testimony which Muhammad expounded to a degraded and ignorant generation can be summed up in a brief space. There was one God; *La Sharik*, without a partner. Idolatry, fire-worship, female infanticide, and other base and cruel practices of heathenism, were to cease. Alms must be

* *The Rauzat-us-Safa, or Garden of Purity, containing the Life of Muhammad, the Apostle of Allah.* By Muhammad Bin Khavendshah, Bin Mahmud, commonly called Mirkhond. Part II. 2 vols. Translated from the original Persian by E. Rehatsek, and edited by F. F. Arbuthnot, M.R.A.S. London: Printed and Published under the Patronage of the Royal Asiatic Society. 1893.

freely given; animals kindly treated; and the condition of women raised. The use of wine was not permitted, and good Muhammadans were to be neither gamblers nor usurers. Slavery was recognized, though slaves were to be treated with consideration. Polygamy and the use of perfumes were the two luxuries in which, according to the example of their Founder, Muhammadans might indulge. That these principles, eventually enforced by the sword, contributed to learning, to civilization, to the foundation of powerful States and to the prosperity of flourishing cities, such as Damascus, Bagdad, and Cordova, is as certain as any other fact in history. But Muhammad dealt with Orientals, and while his teaching imparted vigour and gave direction to the Eastern intellect, it could not radically alter the Eastern character. Islam, however, for some centuries raised millions far above the religion of the Magi, the worship of Siva and Durga, and the adoration of idols like Lat and Ozza.

The larger part of these two volumes is concerned with what, in modern phrase, might be described as Evolution. Minute details are recorded about the Prophet's person, his peculiarities and daily habits. Several of the stories, though not subversive of morality, are indelicate and offensive to good taste. Once, and once only, he stands convicted of infidelity to one of his numerous wives, by associating with a Coptic girl named Mariyah. In token of repentance, he separated himself from every one of his wives for a month of twenty-nine days. Much of the narrative is taken up with various operations entitled Ghazâ or Ghazwah. By this are meant expeditions, in which the Prophet himself took an active part. When he sent his followers or companions against the enemies of the faith, the correct term was a *Seriâh*. From Ghazâ comes the familiar term of Ghazi, applied to Muhammadans who kill Kâfirs in battle and go straight to Paradise in consequence. All the various sieges, surprises, pitched battles, skirmishes, undertaken by the Prophet against various tribes and sections that denied his divine mission, are related with great unctious, in copious detail, and with florid descriptions of the Angel Jibrail (Gabriel) who never failed to come to the rescue when the true believers were hard pressed. It must be confessed that these episodes, in which unbelievers are dispatched to Jehennam in considerable batches, are apt to pall on the reader. They, of course, afford scope for the frequent display of miraculous powers. A fat kid which might perhaps have afforded slender repast for the Prophet and one follower, provides soup and meat for a vast number. A handful of dates in Muhammad's hand so multiplied that all the workers at a trench had more than enough. When a famine was impending because "the portals of abundance were closed, and the showers of mercy ceased," rain fell so copiously after Muhammad had raised his blessed hands in prayer, that the professors of Islam asked him to pray for the return of the world-illuminating sun. An arrow shot by his hand into a well nearly dry produced a gush of water sufficient to slake the thirst of one thousand four hundred men with all their quadrupeds. We are compelled to add that, on another occasion, when at the shout of "Takbir" clouds made their appearance in hot weather and a clear atmosphere, a "shameless fellow" said that there was "nothing extraordinary in a cloud passing and raining." By the simple device of attaching a piece of bark from a date-tree to his arm, a certain Abdullah was enabled to become a martyr, though not exactly as he expected by the swords of the infidels. A fever carried him off in a couple of days. And, finally, one Otbah Bin Aba Lahab, a licentious fellow who had divorced his wife and married what Balfour of Burley would have called a Moabitish woman, was picked out of a whole caravan of sleepers by a roaring lion that ripped up his abdomen and sent him to hell.

Tradition, it is fair to state, mentions several pleasing traits in the character of Muhammad. His mode of life was abstemious. He lived mainly on bread and dates, of which he was very fond. He was kind to widows and children. During a siege which lasted eighteen or, according to another account, forty days, he manumitted twenty slaves who came into his camp. After a victory he distributed spoils to his friends with great liberality and kept little for himself. He condemned suicide as no deliverance from sin. He enjoined that monks, women, babes in arms, and date-trees and houses should be spared. He blessed a certain Abdullah who was bargaining for a sheep, and made him very lucky in all similar transactions in future. When, on entering the sanctuary at Mekka he had to order the execution of some seventeen persons, men and women—one as an apostate; another because he committed treachery when writing the Koran from his master's dictation; others for ridiculing and insulting His Holiness; a slave-girl for singing derisive ditties, and so on—he was induced to remit the sentence of death in several cases. Profession of Islam was, we need hardly say, a condition of their pardon. A dispute with some Christians

headed by a Bishop who asked one or two rather puzzling questions, was terminated by these opponents of Islam paying a tribute of garments and dirhems, and being allowed to retain their own creed. Altogether, there is less fanaticism and more of moderation and tolerance in the Prophet's biography than might have been expected. It may be noted, further, that, while Jews and Christians who persist in denying the divine Legation of Muhammad are classed as unbelievers, and are occasionally delivered over to the sword of the executioner, there is no disrespect ever shown to the Old or the New Testament. Men of the older religion are treated like other Kâfirs and idolaters, not because they reverence Abraham, and the Prophets, and the Founder of Christianity, but because they deny the claim of Muhammad to be the *Russul* or one sent from God, and the last and greatest of the prophetic race. On quotations from our own Bible and on incidents obviously borrowed, with alterations, from the Gospel Narratives, it is unnecessary to dwell at length. Of six letters sent by Ambassadors to divers kings and potentates, such as the Emperor of Byzantium, the Shah of Persia, the King of Abyssinia and others, followed by conversations with these exalted personages, it may be said that they bear a resemblance to the set speeches of illustrious men in Greek and Latin authors. The arguments and illustrations are suited to the position and character of the sender. Heraclius, the Greek Emperor, was awestruck. Khosru Parviz, the Shah of Persia, tore his letter to pieces, and "talked nonsense." The King of Syria similarly threw his letter on the ground, but ended by giving the messenger a very handsome present. On the other hand, the Governor of Yamamah treated the Prophet's Legate with marked respect from the first; but, says Mirkhond gravely, if all the details of the life of the Prince of Existences, and of the interview with the Kaiser of Rum were to be recorded, they would only fatigue the reader and render the writer justly liable to the charge of prolixity. Orientals, of course, are never prolix. Guidance and favour, Mirkhond goes on to say, come from Allah; and in all cases where historians differ about facts, numbers, and the exact sequence of events, it is wise and proper to leave the solution with the same divine authority.

Putting aside the amplifications of later writers, the main facts of the rise, career, and death of the Arabian Prophet rest on trusted sources. His mission covered little more than ten years. He died at the age of sixty-three, after an illness of fourteen days. It was left for his successors to make numerous converts by the sword. As regards the Koran, it was "rescued from date leaves, sheets of leather, shoulder blades, stony tablets, and the hearts of men," and put into its present shape a very few years after the death of Muhammad. Very much was recorded from the dictation of the Prophet. And the late Mr. Rehatsek is, no doubt, justified in his assertion that the Kuran-i-Sharif has during a thousand years been so carefully guarded that no changes have been allowed to creep in. Scholars have at various times altered the order of the Suras or chapters; but there is no reason to suppose that the book itself has swelled like the biographies of its author. It is matter for regret that we can have no more scholarly contributions from the translator of the *Garden of Purity*. The editor, Mr. Arbuthnot, in his neat preface, has given a clear and connected summary of the events in the Prophet's life; and altogether these volumes justify an expenditure from the Oriental Translation Fund.

RABBITS.*

THAT much-abused animal the rabbit has had hard measure dealt him. But it must be admitted that he is not altogether blameless; for he makes himself far too common, which is always a mistake, and he multiplies to excess under favourable conditions. Consequently he has been proscribed as noxious vermin by high-rented farmers, and in Australia he may boast the unparalleled distinction among beasts of having been elevated into a question for Cabinets, and having helped to decide the fates of Ministers. Even in kitchens he has not received the consideration he deserves. Fashionable cooks profess to turn up their noses at him in their ingratitude; for they always use him slyly for stocks, and we suspect that in such delicate soups as *la reine blanche* he often does duty for chicken or sweetbread. For ourselves, we have a very great regard for him, and undoubtedly there is a deal to be said in his favour, both from the sporting and the gastronomic points of view. He is a blessing to sportsmen of all ranks and classes, but more especially to the comparatively poor man who cannot afford a forest or a moor, and does not own a

* *The Wild Rabbit in a New Aspect; or, Rabbit Warrens that Pay.* By J. Simpson, Wood Agent, Wortley Hall. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1893.

manor, but who must content himself with the rough shooting and the mixed bags which, after all, are the most delightful. And nowadays the rabbit always finds a ready sale in England, for the well-to-do Democracy begins to realize that he is a succulent and sustaining as well as a delicate dish.

There is no prettier sport than rabbit shooting, and the methods of enjoying it are manifold. There are sportsmen as well as Cockneys who object to the massacres of the modern battue, although the former are keenly alive to the absurdity of depreciating the skill displayed in killing rocketing pheasants or driven grouse. But it is true that before the present Chancellor of the Exchequer had proscribed and well nigh exterminated the hares, there was something murderous in rolling them over point blank when they had lost their heads in a warm corner between the bellowing of the beaters and the rattle of the breechloaders. It was the sprightly rabbit that always kept the game alive. He enlivened the dull periods of expectancy by hopping on ahead and giving scattered chances. Till actually mobbed and cornered, he would make gay dashes at the sides, and it took the coolness of an expert to aim steadily in front of him. But it is on properties that are but half preserved, or not preserved at all, that he is the great stand-by. He is so accustomed to persecution, or else he has so thoroughly realized that there is no sanctuary for him anywhere, that, unlike the wandering pheasant or the hare, he will never shift his quarters. You may rattle your small covers about day after day, with yelping spaniels or more musical beagles, and the rabbit nevertheless will be always with you. He is by no means fastidious as to his quarters, nor, so long as the land is decently dry, does he insist upon a subsoil of sand or gravel. He will honeycomb any stiff clay-bank on the shortest notice, and we have even known him drive tunnels through the chalk, in emulation of Sir Edward Watkin's sub-channel operations. Then, though he can apparently lay on fat like a snipe or woodcock, he manages to get a respectable living anywhere. Foresters know to their sorrow how fond he is of tree-bark and of the tender young spring shoots which serve him for asparagus; but he can make himself just as plump and as happy among the prickly furze and the salt bent grass of storm-beaten northern links. Many a delightful day we have had among the sand hills in the bleakest district of Eastern Scotland, where whole parishes are said to have been submerged by the sand drifts. It was in such country that St. John describes the foxes as having grown to the size of wolves, and the rabbits as having gnawn the furze bushes into settees and foot-stools. As the ground was broken up into an endless succession of undulations, and as the footfall was silent on the yielding sand, the stalking was simple. You raised your eyes over each successive ridge and scanned the hollows in front. Sometimes you looked down on the gambols of a family party, and then you chivalrously announced your presence with a shout that the rabbits might have a fair show. More often you saw nothing; but as you proceeded to kick about among the tussocks of grass, or waved to a steady old spaniel to range within quarter gunshot, the solitaires who had been taking their siestas in the shelter would make a startled bolt of it. And as their holes were handy and the surroundings hilly, and the shot charge had barely time to scatter, it took necessarily sharp practice to stop them. Or change the scene to the southern hedgerows in autumn. It is in one of the old-fashioned woodland counties where the tenants know nothing of high farming. A double fence with untrimmed blackthorn and wild cherry; with a tiny rill trickling deep in the bottom between, hidden out of sight by the rank grass and the bramble; the hedges broken here and there by a spreading tree, and sometimes expanding into a spinney. There is a gun on either side; the dogs are bustling about invisible in the bottom, and you put in for anything, from a pheasant to a water-hen. You hear a rushing to and fro, and surmise that a rabbit is playing hide and seek; the yelping becomes acute, the cover becomes too hot to hold him, and out he pops, to dodge back again, and then to shoot out a second time, swift as a pigeon from a trap. These luxuriant hedgerows have been stripped by bitter winter, and the last vestige of sheltering vegetation has died down. The rabbits have withdrawn to the dry seclusion of their burrows, though they do not make hibernating arrangements like the prairie dogs, and have still to go forth daily to forage. Then comes the time for ferreting; and, though we confess that we dislike frozen feet and fingers, yet doubtless, when you can get nothing better, ferreting has charms of its own. No man who appreciates excitement will take trouble to search out and stop the bolting holes. You hear the dull rumble of the fierce chase beneath your feet, the light soil is shaking as from a miniature earthquake, and you are bound to have your eyes all about you. You back certain promising openings, like so many numbers at roulette, and you are pretty sure to find you have staked on the wrong one. Possibly the rabbit springs out of the ground like a

jack-in-the-box where you did not suspect any outlet at all. And like the shifty woodcock, he has an instinct for awkward dips, and may have dropped over into safety in the ditch behind, before you have swung the muzzles round to cover him.

We have left ourselves little time to follow him through the larder to the kitchen. The golden rule is to see that he is in condition. For rabbits prematurely arrive at that venerable age when they have something of the muskiness of the he-goat or the alligator. Being so plentiful, there is neither object nor advantage in "hanging" them—beyond, of course, the reasonable time. But a well-favoured and well-grown young buck who has just attained to years of discretion is good for anything. He makes excellent mulligatawny and admirable curry. Embalmed in a pie, with mushrooms, bacon, and fine herbs, he may be eaten—we were going to say—down to the drumsticks. Smothering in onions, with a sublimated *sauce à la Soubis*, is as odoriferous a tribute to his memory as any ambitious young coney need desire. There are no more savoury rabbits than those of Spain, who fatten on the aromatic herbage of the sunny *dehesas* and *degradados*. More than once they have satisfactorily eked out a meal in some remote and ill-provided *fonda*. We never chanced upon the dish in the Peninsula, but we have been assured there is no better way of cooking them than what may be called *à la puchero*. Cut the rabbit in pieces; stew the coney in strata in an earthen jar between layers of bacon, spice, and sweet herbs (not by any means forgetting the onion of Spain); seal the jar hermetically, and then set it to simmer on a charcoal fire till it gradually comes to perfection. Moreover, we have always believed that much might be done by the scientific treatment of the kidneys. Were they as rare as the tongues of nightingales, or even the bosoms of redbreasts, they might have made the fortune of one of the cooks of a Heliogabalus or a Lucullus.

And now that we have cut short our lucubrations on cookery, we have to cram the really important matter for the article into a mere postscript. For the article was suggested by a most excellent and suggestive little book on the wild rabbit, or paying rabbit warrens, by Mr. Simpson, who is the head forester on Lord Wharnccliffe's Yorkshire estates at Wortley. Mr. Simpson writes with sense and knowledge of what he has proved by experience. He has assured himself that warrens may be run with good profit, even when, as in the park at Wortley, the conditions of soil and climate are rather unfavourable than otherwise. To begin with, a warren closes the mouths of grumbling tenants, for the rabbits all over the estates may be swept into the enclosures. Where warrens fail to pay, it is either because they are recklessly shot or because the ground is neglected. Mr. Simpson goes into the matter scientifically. He shows that what is taken out of the land in flesh must be returned in the shape of top-dressing, which at Wortley is lime bought cheap from the gasworks. There he believes that one hundred rabbits have been raised to the acre; but he takes fifty as a reasonable and ordinary average. Rabbits now find a ready market at an average of 2s. 4d. per couple, which yields a return of over three guineas per acre. Rabbits, he says, are far closer and more economical feeders than either cattle or sheep. He gives advice as to stocking, feeding, fencing, and killing, and as to the construction of artificial burrows. The best fencing may be put up at one shilling per yard. He gives an extremely interesting description of the handling of a trap-fence of his own invention, a thousand yards of which may be worked from a central hut, and by which the rabbits are, of course, captured, without being maimed or shattered. Finally, he points out, for the benefit of farmers in difficulties, that they can run a warren more cheaply and profitably than the landowner. And, if he is right, he offers especially lucrative openings to the man who will combine rabbit-rearing with dairy-farming, and, taking advantage of an established connexion, send the rabbits to market with his milk.

MR. RHOADES'S VIRGIL.*

THE *ÆNEID* constantly tempts the translator and rewards him little, except by the pleasure of his labours. Mr. Rhoades, the most recent venturer, has no illusions. Of all things, verse translation is the least possible, especially when the original poet's merit is his inimitable felicity. To render Virgil a man should have no less felicity of style than the Roman poet, and should also be able to employ that magic of words in translating the thoughts of another. Neither Mr. Rhoades nor any one else, now that Lord Tennyson is dead, has the Virgilian gift. So we must admit that we cannot understand why

* *The Æneid of Virgil*. Books I-VI. Translated into English Verse by James Rhoades. London: Longmans & Co. 1893.

Mr. Rhoades, or any one else, should try to render the *Æneid* into blank verse. Mr. Rhoades's theory is that the version should be at once "an English poem, and a faithful reflection of the original." Exactly; that is the only excuse for translating Virgil; but who can fulfil these two simple conditions? Here is Mr. Rhoades's reflection of a familiar passage (Book vi. 264):—

Gods of the spirit-realm, and voiceless shades,
And Chaos and Phlegethon, vast tracts of night
And silence, grant me, what mine ear hath heard,
To utter, and, with your fiat, to unfold
Things whelmed in darkness and the under-world.

On strode they blindly through the gloom, beneath
The solitary night, through the void halls
And ghostly realms of Dis: as men may walk
The wood-way 'neath a coy moon's grudging light,
When Jupiter with shade had curtained heaven,
And black night of her colour robs the world.
Fronting the portal, even in Orcus' jaws,
Grief and avenging Ceres have made their bed;
And pale Diseases house, and dolorous Eld,
And Fear and Famine, counsellor of crime,
And loathly Want, shapes terrible to view,
And Death and Travail, and, Death's own brother, Sleep,
And the soul's guilty joys, and murderous War,
Full on the threshold, and the iron cells
Of the Eumenides, and mad Discord, who
With blood-stained fillet wreathes her snaky locks.

Spreads in the midst her boughs and aged arms
An elm, huge, shadowy, where vain dreams, 'tis said,
Are wont to roost them, under every leaf
Close-clinging: and many a monster-form beside
Of various beasts—Centaurs against the door
Are stalled, and twy-formed Scyllas, and Briareus,
He of the hundred hands, and Lerna's brute
Horribly hissing, Chimæra armed with flames,
Gorgons and Harpies, and the shadowy shape
Three-bodied. Here, in a tremor of sudden fear,
Grasped at his sword *Æneas*, and with bare edge
Opposed their coming, and, but for warning word
From his wise comrade that they were but thin
Unbodied lives, flitting 'neath hollow shows
Of form, he would rush on them, and be cleaving
Shadows in twain with ineffectual sword.

Does this give the reader the same awful and majestic impression as the original? For the sake of experiment merely we render the first portion in prose:—

'Ye Gods who hold the sway of souls, ye silent Shades, and Chaos, and Phlegethon, darkling, and wide, and soundless realms, may it be mine without impiety to speak what I have heard, and to expose what murk of gloom and the bulk of earth conceal. Under the lonely night through the shadow they went on their dusky way, through the empty dwelling of Dis, and the unpeopled realms, as who in flickering moon-shine, and a niggard light, thread a deepwood, whenas the God has veiled the sky in shadow, and dark night hath stolen the colours from things. Before the very portal, and on the edge of Orcus' jaws, have Grief and revengeful Ceres strown their couches, there dwell all sallow Maladies, and sad Old Age, and Fear, and Famine that prompts to many a crime, and loathsome Need, shapes terrible to behold, and Death, and Toil, and Death's blood-brother, Sleep, and evil joys that haunt the soul, and, on the threshold over against them, deathly War, and the Furies' bowers of steel, and madness of Feud, with gory fillets woven in her serpent hair.'

Here any one who cares to look at the original may note the difficulties of the translator. Here are many well-chosen words, conveying a sense of gloom and privation, *nocte, caligine, obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram, sub luce maligna, celum condidit umbra*, and, again, *nox atra*. To find satisfactory synonyms for these is a considerable difficulty, and, again, the sounds of "night" and "light" are anxious to clash, so to speak, in English. It will be observed, also, that, in a prose version, the meaning, like the names of the Irish rapparees in Thackeray, runs naturally into blank-verse, so that it is occasionally difficult to avoid blank verse and yet be literal. This seems to be an argument in favour of a blank-verse translation, but though it is hard to avoid writing blank verse, it is still harder to write it well; in fact, to produce "an English poem." It is not among "the assailants of the metre," as Mr. Rhoades says, that we would be reckoned. It is clearly the right metre in the hands of the right man. But any one who really can master this art will have his own blank-verse style, as Milton, Tennyson, Swinburne; and that style will not, and cannot, be Virgil's, but something personal and original. It is essential that blank verse should not rhyme; but Mr. Rhoades has

The wrestling winds and roaring hurricanes
Bends to his sway, and curbs with prison-chains.

This, however, is a rare error. As a rule, or even universally, Mr. Rhoades's is an extremely close and faithful translation. We cannot honestly add that we have read it with the pleasure which a fine English poem conveys. But what version of Virgil, except Dryden's, is a fine English poem? and Dryden, of course, is far from being close and faithful. The impossible remains the unachieved. An English reader will find Virgil's matter in Mr. Rhoades's book; but he will not find "all the charm of all the Muses."

TEETH AND EVOLUTION.*

THE Testimony of the Teeth to Man's Place in Nature is a small volume containing twelve essays, which range over a variety of subjects. The first deals with Perception; the last with that threadbare theme, the Bible and Evolution. In his rapid course from the one to the other the author touches upon such diverse matters as a comparison of metaphysical and physiological methods of examining the mind and the distribution of seals. All this wisdom is compressed into a little over two hundred pages. Altogether three chapters only deal with teeth, in spite of the title. The first of these (chap. iv.) has been dug up from the Transactions of the Odontological Society, where it was carefully buried by the author so long ago as 1869. The flavour of a poem may, we are led to believe, improve by prolonged keeping; but it is quite otherwise with an article upon a scientific subject, and perhaps especially with an article dealing with the teeth of mammals, which have furnished so fertile a theme for discovery and discussion during the last few years. The author recognizes recent work in this particular essay to the extent of referring to the *Dinocerata*, an extinct family of mammals which were so fortunate as to possess both teeth and horns in plenty; there being, as a rule, as the author correctly informs us, an inverse proportion between these structures—he does not explain how it was that these same animals, though so plentifully endowed by nature, yet succumbed in the struggle for existence. The rule, too, is like many other rules, not without its exceptions, the most conspicuous exception being man. The late appearance of the wisdom teeth seems to show their gradual dwindling; and there are facts which point to the former possession of an additional pair of incisors. And yet, in spite of these facts, the dentists tell us that we have too many teeth, and recommend their extraction. The author is not, however, content with his three chapters upon teeth; we must say that he drags in teeth wherever he can, reversing what appears to be, from the letters appended to his name on the title-page, his usual avocation; he cannot even refrain when he is describing the flight of birds from reminding us of the gentleman who insisted upon giving, under adverse circumstances, a complete list of the kings of Judah and Israel. This chapter on the flight of birds is really an account of flying animals in general, from the actual flying fish to the possible flying man.

Few popular works upon natural history are without an illustration of Mr. Wallace's "flying" frog; it is nearly as celebrated as the jumping frog, but perhaps a little less fraudulent; we have, however, been assured that a distinct increase in the webs of its feet can be observed in the successive copies of Mr. Wallace's illustration. The *Pterodactyles* are pre-eminently the flying reptiles; they vary in size, the author somewhat vaguely informs us, "from a crow to a beast," and they flourished in—what he chooses to call (not inadvertently, for he repeats the error)—the "Mesolithic" period. A brief paragraph touches upon flying mammals, in which bats are most libellously termed "a feeble or degraded race." We will not do more than merely deny this assertion; the reasons which lead our author to propagate this quite undeserved calumny appear to be drawn from the bats' nocturnal habits and their food. To lead an exclusively nocturnal existence is, perhaps, rather degraded; but he goes on to say that they subsist "on insects or sucking blood from sleeping animals, or at best living upon fruit." Most respectable members of the mammalian orders, against whose position in the system nothing can be alleged, live upon insects; while we have reason to know that our first parents lived upon fruit. The *Pterodactyles* come in for a second paragraph—the author seems to have forgotten that he had just referred to them; in this paragraph is included the following remarkably concentrated sentence:—"some possessed teeth, some beaked."

Here is another sentence from this most singular and disjointed chapter:—"Hesperornis regulis a sort of diver, and Ichthyornis Victor a sort of gull; other extinct forms of birds show their origin by still possessing teeth with a beak." This

* *The Testimony of the Teeth to Man's Place in Nature*. By F. H. Baskwill, V.P.O.S. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1893.

oracular utterance (note the misprints!) is explained by a footnote, which runs thus:—"Professor Marsh, U.S." We have never before noticed the initials of a man's native land appended to his name as a sort of degree. The chapter to which we are directing attention ends with a description of the flight of birds; the different ways in which birds fly are classified in the table of contents as "Flight by rowing—Flight by sailing—By buzzing—By skating." Altogether we have had a perfectly unique experience in the perusal of this chapter.

To chapter viii., on the evolution and geographical distribution of seals, is prefixed a rude woodcut of a grey seal caught off Plymouth. This illustration would not be out of place in some of the earlier works on natural history to which the author refers in this chapter, but it is not what might fairly be expected in a modern book. The author is wrong in saying that seals have been saved "from the ignominy" of being classified with fishes; they have been so placed in the past; in the immediate present they are to be associated, according to Mr. Oudemans, with that useful marine creature the sea-serpent. Mr. Balkwill is a little confused about "sea-lions," a subject, indeed, of rather widespread confusion. He first of all divides the pinnipeds into "eared seals (*Otariidae*), the sea-lions, and fur seals, the walruses (*Odobenidae*), and the earless or true seals (*Phocidae*)." Lower down, on the same page, he uses the term *Otariidae*, or eared seals, to include both "sea-lions" and "sea-bears"—this is, of course, the correct way of putting it. The author mentions the curious habit which sea-lions have of swallowing pebbles, and attempts to explain it on the theory of ballast; we are of opinion that it is accidental, and due to the fact that these animals eat shellfish, picking up the stones along with them.

SPANISH LITERATURE.*

MR. CLARKE has written a handbook on Spanish Literature which, though it has merits, appears to be in some danger of incurring that common fate—the fall between two stools. It is somewhat difficult to imagine for what class of readers Mr. Clarke has laboured. Spanish literature has not wanted for students among us, few but enthusiastic—at least, not since the end of the last century. But that class of readers rarely reads an "elementary handbook," which is what Mr. Clarke has undertaken to write. Those who do require works of that class—to wit, such persons as a cruel fate condemns to pass examinations—are not at all cumbered about Spanish literature. But supposing that a class of readers does exist for such a book, we are afraid that Mr. Clarke's would not satisfy them. It is wanting in that clearness of order and precision of date which are the virtues of the handbook. We expect the dates of a writer's birth and death and those of his works from a book of this class; when they are not to be fixed, at least we expect a "fl. so and so" within brackets as a guide. Mr. Clarke is very barren of dates, which is the greater pity because he has a way of naming authors out of their time which might well prove confusing. Thus he goes back to Lebrija, a scholar of the time of the Catholic Sovereigns, and Juan de Valdes, a contemporary of Erasmus, after naming other authors of so late a date as the reign of Philip IV. Indeed, order, and a sense of the relations of things to one another in time, are not conspicuous merits of Mr. Clarke's. He says, to take an example, that the Marquis of Villena was "mainly instrumental in founding at Barcelona" a Consistory of the Gay Science which "succeeded in bringing together the Provençal troubadours who had taken refuge in Catalonia in order to avoid the persecution of the Albigenses." Now the reader who has to use elementary handbooks might easily be misled by such a passage as this. The Marquis of Villena belonged to the fifteenth century, and could by no possibility have helped to bring together more than the bones of poets who fled from the Albigensian persecution.

On the other hand, Mr. Clarke is not full enough or sufficiently critical to satisfy readers who ask for something more than the mere outlines of a handbook. Indeed, he sometimes—if the flippancy of the expression may be permitted us—throws up the critical sponge altogether. We take this final paragraph on Lope de Vega as an example:—

"The estimate of Lope's position as a poet involves the whole question of the nature and functions of poetry. Lope was a great poet according to the notions of his time, and within the limitations of his own peculiar views. He so exactly represented the highest poetical ideal of his century, and of his country, that all his works have a peculiarly 'local'

flavour, which is absent from the great books that appeal to humanity at all times. He lived in an artificial age, and his genius was not sufficiently strong to rid itself of its influence. His position is possibly best expressed by saying that he was not absolutely a great poet, but "a great Spanish poet of the seventeenth century."

Can the reader tell whether Lope was a poet at all in Mr. Clarke's opinion, and if not, why not? We cannot. The words he quotes really deny the Spaniard any right to the title. Lope was not more emphatically a Roman Catholic Spaniard of the seventeenth century than Milton was a Puritan Englishman of the same period. Would the phrase that Milton was not absolutely a great poet, but a great English Puritan poet of the seventeenth century, mean anything? A man is a great poet and a Spaniard or Englishman, but he cannot be a great poet in his country and nowhere else. When you call him that, you are politely and implicitly, but decisively, denying him the name. Mr. Clarke shows the same reluctance or inability to come to close quarters with the "thing in itself" (which enterprise is reserved for all true critics) in his estimate of Lope's plays. He gives the outlines of some of his comedies, and makes vague remarks about them; but he does not even attempt to extract the essence of the comedy of situation, and action which Lope perfected. For these reasons we are afraid that Mr. Clarke's book will not satisfy those who look for more than an elementary handbook. They will refer to Ticknor when they want a history of Spanish literature, as before, and Mr. Clarke will fall between two stools.

Yet we would not wish to be understood to say that Mr. Clarke's is absolutely a bad book. It is not ignorant nor absurd. *Alguacil endemoniado* is a curious slip for *Alguacil Alguacilado*, and has the defect that it entirely spoils what point there is in Quevedo's laborious joke. But errors of this kind are rare. As a rule Mr. Clarke translates the quotations he makes accurately. The sketches he gives of the various Spanish writers are not too long, and are reasonably clear. If he does not give us inspiring or enlightening criticism, at least he does not break into vague froth of praise. Writers who have a field to themselves are so apt to sing its merits out of all moderation that we are almost grateful to him for candidly confessing that the Spanish epics are mere boredom—of course the word is not applied to the great Spanish *chanson de geste*, the "Poema del Cid." Mr. Clarke would have done still better if he had named none of the so-called epics except Ercilla's, and had found space for the historians of the Indies and for the military historians of the Low Country wars, whom he neglects. He does not even name Bernal Diaz. We are not equally sure that he might also have spared his chapter on Catalan Literature, which was really an offshoot of the Provençal, but if he had done so it would not have been a mortal sin. He is also to be thanked for keeping on this side of idolatry of Cervantes, and for giving a useful account of the Spanish metres. His list of editions and of works on Spanish literature at the end is well thought of; and, on the whole, if a reader has not the courage to tackle Ticknor, he might do worse than read Mr. Clarke.

NEW MUSIC.

WE have received from Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co. *Job*, an oratorio by Dr. C. H. H. Parry, which is published in the well-known yellow covers and in excellent type. Dr. Parry's work has already been reviewed at length in these columns. Suffice, therefore, to say that, despite its generally gloomy character, it is a fine composition, containing several noble melodies, the best of which is undoubtedly the *aria*, "Man that is born of a woman is of few days." The "Lamentation," too, which occupies fourteen pages, and is probably the longest bass solo ever written, is a very remarkable composition, the extreme length of which is modified by its varied rhythm and general impressiveness. Dvořák's "Mass in D" is difficult, no doubt, but singularly original and imposing, and its publication in cheap form will be gratefully welcomed by admirers of this severe, but fascinating, composer.

Miss E. M. Smyth's "Mass in D" has the merit of being unpretentious. The *Kyrie* is very fine. The *Credo*, arranged as a quartet for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, has merit, but is not so original as the very sympathetic tenor solo "Agnus Dei," altogether the best number of this well-thought-out work. "Buttercups and Daisies," a cantata for children, by Eaton Faning, is meritorious; but the melodies are not sufficiently catching for young people to master with ease. The duet "Let us pick daisies" is graceful, but rather difficult for juveniles. On the whole, this work is disappointing. It lacks the simplicity which children's voices demand, and is not sufficiently elaborate

* *Spanish Literature. An Elementary Handbook, with Indices, &c.* By H. Butler Clarke, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

for fully developed artists. "Five Pieces for Violin and Piano-forte," by Ferdinand David, can be recommended to advanced students of the violin. A series of "Progressive Studies for the Piano-forte," by Franklin Taylor, will be found exceedingly useful both by teachers and pupils. They have been well planned and selected from the works of the best composers of this class of work—notably from Czerny, Bertini, and Cramer. The fingering is well marked, and since the Albums, some fifteen in number, are boldly printed in the clearest type, we may safely admit that nothing has been neglected to render them attractive. Mr. Taylor has done well to include certain valuable Studies from the earlier masters of the piano-forte, whose works are to be obtained only at considerable cost and difficulty, being for the most part out of print. The student who goes carefully through the whole series of Mr. Taylor's capital Studies will find himself marvelously improved thereby in technical knowledge of the piano-forte and of music in general.

The "Simplified Music Series" received this month the addition of an admirable "little book on 'Harmony Unravelling,' or the Neutral in Music," by Josef Darge, whose "tonic notation for players" is already popular. Mr. A. C. White's "The Double Bass" is an excellent work, and included in the "Music Primer" series which Sir John Stainer edits with his well-known ability. "Kirmess," a duet in two parts for the piano-forte by H. Hoffmann, contains some charming rustic melodies, but it is rather too long. "The Arrival of the Visitors" and the very pretty dances in the second book ought to become popular. They are extremely original and graceful. Of three duets for soprano and tenor by Hastings Crossley, the best is "The Days of Old."

We can cordially approve the series of original compositions for the organ issued by Messrs. Novello & Ewer, of which there are now over two hundred numbers and mostly of English composers. The Sebastian Bach Preludes for the Organ need no comment. They have been admirably reprinted from the original text and most carefully edited. "Mourn in Hope," a sacred song inspired by the death of the Duke of Clarence, by Sebastian B. Schlesinger, is rather pretentious.

Fifty Solfeggi, by Signor Paolo Tosti (Enoch & Sons), are cleverly graduated; and, since Signor Tosti thoroughly understands the true method of Italian singing, highly commendable. At the same time we fear they do not equal the older works of Gordiniani and Concone.

Messrs. Augener & Co. send us a reprint of the fine aria, "When time has bereft thee," from Auber's *Gustavus III.*, which has delightful words by Planché, and which was "arranged" by Mr. T. Cooke to admiration. At one time this beautiful melody was all the fashion. Let us hope its reintroduction into the musical world by Messrs. Augener will meet with success. We commend it to tenors in search of a new song. "A Vocal Album" containing six songs by Mr. Hamish McCunn is sure of popularity. Two of the numbers—"In the Meadows" and "Sweet, Remember Golden Days"—are very beautiful indeed. The words are by Lady Lindsay. Of the number of new piano-forte pieces issued by this firm, "Paquita," by D. H. Squire; "Ballade," by Landon Ronald; "Une Idée," by the same composer; and "Melodic Studies," by A. Loeschorn, are by far the best. Of a higher order, and evidently intended rather for artists than students, are "Morceaux pour Piano," by Anton Strilezki, one number of which—No. 35, "Polka Noble"—is singularly attractive. So, also, is a graceful Valse Mignonne (No. 36). An album, *Perles Musicales*, being a series of well-selected classical pieces for the piano by renowned ancient and modern masters, has the merit of being beautifully printed. A new Waltz by Max Pauer is graceful, but rather difficult. A *Rhythmical Scale and Chord Book of Studies*, by L. Hegyesi, is worthy of the attention of students, &c. The same may be said of Ritter's *Practical School for the Violin*, which has reached its eighth book. G. Jensen's conscientiously edited *Classische Violin Musik*, and other albums of music for the violin and piano-forte, merit, each in its way, high praise. The selection made by Messrs. Augener invariably displays judgment and taste.

Otto Peinze's "Colibri," a graceful piece for the violoncello, imitating the flutter of a humming-bird—barring the fact that we dislike pieces which imitate birds and beasts—is very pretty. A Largo by Mr. David Popper, for violoncello and piano (Robert Cocks & Co.), has distinction; but why describe it as *à l'ancienne mode*, when it is so essentially modern in tune and rhythm? Be this as it may, it is a fine composition. Still better is "Quatrième Gavotte" by the same composer and for the same instruments. This is certainly in the old style, and very stately and appropriate. "Pensée Plaintive," by Tivandar Nachez, is a dreamy piece for the violin, by one of the finest performers on that instrument of our time. It is quite worthy of the reputation of its famous composer, *at c'est tout dire*.

Signor Renzo Rotondo is a young Sicilian violoncellist and composer of remarkable ability. "A Love Song," words by Hartley Coleridge (Charles Woolhouse), is a really lovely ballad with a charming melody, full of spirit and originality. A "Barcarolle Sicilienne" for the Violoncello has a plaintive and picturesque rhythm which is suggestive of the beautiful bays of Sicily and of the warm sunlight which illumines them. "A Minnette," also for the violoncello, by Signor Rotondo, is quaint, but nothing more. These works are issued by Ducci & Co.

Among the most popular hunting songs of the day is undoubtedly Captain Frederick Cotton's "Meynell Hunt." The words and the tune are both spirited and appropriate. Messrs. Reid Brothers have just issued "The Meynell Hunt Alphabet" by the same admirable composer of this class of music. It is fully as bright as its successful predecessor, and equally sure to please the public for whom it is intended. Captain Cotton's "Our Golden Banner" is a stirring Primrose League song, which is now sung at most of the Unionist meetings of this enterprising and patriotic association.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is by no means uninteresting, though perhaps a little unfair, to compare M. René Doumic's volume (1) of collected theatrical *causeries* with the latest collection of M. Weiss's articles (2)—we can hardly say on the stage, but on the stage and its precincts. It is unfair, because Weiss was, if not exactly what M. Lemaitre with some magnifying of his own office calls "a rich, mobile, capricious, and prodigious genius," yet a man of immense and varied talent. His all-round experience of affairs, as well as of letters, gave him a singular authority to which a comparative novice like M. Doumic could not and would not pretend. Instead, moreover, of confining himself to actual representations of the day, he chose his subjects for writing pretty much as he liked. Yet, after all allowances are made, a striking and interesting difference remains. M. Doumic is a good and amusing writer, an evident enthusiast, and a clever man; but he is under that extraordinary slavery of modernity which the slaves seem in some way to regard as an enfranchisement. He mentions Ibsen with something like awe, is as scornful of Dumas, the father, and of Romanticism as of Scribe and mere "playwrightry," pleads for the "théâtre d'analyse," the "théâtre d'idées," and we are sure, would have a fit if he caught himself blaspheming evolution, heredity, impressionism, Schopenhauer, or the psychological glasses. Whereas Weiss, who had seen many modernities become ancient, and had risen above them, judges a play as a play, literature as literature, nature as nature, art as art. You may not agree with him in particulars, but in general he is always on the right side of the line.

The *réclame* or encomiastic summary which accompanies M. Robert's treatise on the Quest after Unity (3) remarks on or confesses the "concision quasi lapidaire" of his style. We are bound to say that he has in our opinion carried this concision too far. We do not care for volubility in philosophers; but, except in very early stages of metaphysics, where the problems requiring treatment are not numerous, and there is next to no attempt at criticism of contemporaries or predecessors, extreme concision is a greater evil, and we have found it so in this book.

In a very pretty volume (4) in very small quarto foolscap, adorned by pleasant cuts of Nohant, its neighbourhood, &c., M. Henri Amic has collected his remembrances of the last years (he only knew her at that time) of the author of *Consuelo*, and of his visits to her home, together with a fair number of her letters to him (for she never ceased writing letters to young or old, but especially the former). The result, if not exactly important, is pleasant and interesting; and the placid, busy, hospitable, and in a way beneficent, old age, which succeeded a pretty stormy youth, shows once more not disagreeably.

M. Henry Houssaye's volume (5) may seem a large one to be devoted to a single year, and a larger when it turns out that only half of that year is concerned in it. But 1815 was not an ordinary year by any means. The first Restoration, the return from Elba, and the Hundred Days cannot be considered too small a subject even for more than six hundred well-filled pages. And the great success of his volume on 1814 seems to justify M. Houssaye in following it up. If not exactly a picturesque

(1) *De Scribe à Ibsen*. Par René Doumic. Paris: Delagrave.

(2) *Apropos de théâtre*. Par J. J. Weiss. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *La recherche de l'unité*. Par E. de Roberty. Paris: Alcan.

(4) *Mes souvenirs de George Sand*. Par Henri Amic. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) 1815. Par Henry Houssaye. Paris: Perrin.

historian, he is a very graphic one, and his freedom from prepossession suits him very well to undertake a period where almost every original authority is a violent partisan, conscious or unconscious. We have never been quite certain about the modern fashion of extremely detailed history; but, if it is to be written, it can hardly be written in a more sober and satisfying fashion than here.

To represent the eighteenth century in his gallery of "Reformers and Publicists of Europe" (6) M. Franck has selected Locke, Vico, Montesquieu, and Rousseau. In strictness, of course, Locke belongs rather to the seventeenth than to the eighteenth century, but it was not till the later period that his influence was fully felt. Of Vico and the others there can be no doubt the treatment is expository rather than critical, the general attempt being to show what the men, and, through the men, the time, constructed or demolished in the general edifice of political and legal institutions. But criticism also is not wanting; and the whole is done with knowledge and judgment.

All the work of the author of *Une tache d'encre* is good; but we do not know that he has done anything better since that book itself than *Madame Corentine* (7). The plot is extremely simple, and merely turns on the separation, for incompatibility of temper, of a Breton couple; and their reunion (with what results M. Bazin leaves discreetly in the lap of the gods) by the action of their daughter. There is thus nothing much in the story; and the merit of the book lies in the extremely delicate, and yet effective, drawing of scenery, of character, and of life in the three localities of the book—Jersey, Lannion, and the fishing village of Perros Guirec. These simple things, however, afford opportunity for plenty of "brushwork" and colouring. Both are of M. Bazin's usual kind at its best, not in the least niggling, but as bright and as pure as the work of a mediæval illuminator. The shipwreck—or supposed shipwreck—scenes are worth comparing with those in *Pêcheur d'Irlande*, for the purpose of noting the difference between the precious and tormented style of literature and the style of simple proportion and elegance. We once, by the way, knew a paradoxer who maintained (with what justice we need not here attempt to determine) that the decay of taste and the degradation of the word "elegant" synchronized.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

M. ERNEST LEGOUVÉ, Member of the Academy, part author (with Scribe) of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, and author of the best known and most frequently performed modern version of *Medea*, supplies in his *Sixty Years of Recollections* (Eden, Remington, & Co.), as we had occasion to say on the production of the French original, great wealth of material, of the lighter kind, to the future historian of the French stage. Nor is this to be wondered at; for not only was he himself a man of considerable mark, but he knew and has something interesting to tell about still greater personalities with whom his long career brought him into contact. There can be no lack of attraction in two volumes filled with anecdotes and descriptions of Talma, Mlle. Georges, Mlle. Mars, Casimir Delavigne, Eugène Sue, Scribe, Lamartine, Béranger, Rachel, Frédéric Lemaitre, and many others; especially when the descriptions are as forcible, the anecdotes as well selected and well told as M. Legouvé's. Sometimes—as in the case of the last days of Malibran, or Berlioz's courtship of Miss Smithson—we come upon something with which other volumes of memoirs have made us familiar; but for the most part, when dealing with well-known people, M. Legouvé tells us new stories about them, and not unfrequently introduces to us interesting personalities whom the world has unappreciatively let die. Here, for instance, is an anecdote of Talma, which, striking in itself, is not without value as bearing on the often debated question whether the actor relies or should rely for his effects more on premeditation or on the impulse of the moment. Playing the part of Richard III. in Népomucène Lemercier's *Jane Shore*, Talma, we are told, "was simply horrible without being vulgar, preserving in his darkest and most ferocious moments the semblance of a prince and a courtier. On the second night he gave a striking proof of this. In the scene with Alicia, where he endeavours to crush her with the most terrible threats, the bracelet of the actress got unfastened, and dropped to the ground. Talma's frenzy is stilled as if by magic; he stoops, picks up the bracelet, fastens it with princely courtesy round Alicia's wrist, after which his anger gets the better of him once more, and he finishes the scene with the ferocious impetuosity of an executioner. The effect was electrical. Talma was asked to repeat the scene next

evening, and declined. 'In our art,' he said, 'there are accidental inspirations which would simply become so many vulgar tricks if they were changed into habits.' The moral of which anecdote lies or should lie—to actors, at any rate—in the application of it. This Népomucène Lemercier is an interesting character. A successful dramatist and poet before and after the Revolution, the godson of the Princesse de Lamballe, caressed in public by Marie Antoinette when, at the age of fourteen, his first successful play was produced, he became the intimate friend of the young Bonaparte, and, indeed, he it was, according to M. Legouvé, who persuaded Josephine Beauharnais to marry "that small, yellowish-looking, angular officer, who was abrupt in manner and very careless of his personal appearance." The First Consul is here shown in a curious light as a literary critic, discussing with Lemercier, after a dinner at Malmaison in 1800, the latter's poem on Alexander and Homer, and incidentally ventilating his opinions on the great captains of antiquity and of more modern times. Another personage of whom we are glad here to learn more is Mlle. Duchenois, the plain-faced rival in tragedy of Mlle. Georges; and, though Berlioz is no stranger to us, there is something delightfully fresh in being introduced to him, as we are here, in the gallery at the opera, shouting to the orchestra in the middle of a performance of the *Freischütz*, "You don't want two flutes there, you brutes; you want two piccolos. Two piccolos, do you hear? Oh, the brutes!" M. Legouvé's reminiscences are not entirely confined to the Parisian coulisses, and we accordingly find admirable sketches of Samuel Hahnemann, the inventor of homeopathy, and of Etienne de Jouy, the father of the Parisian *Chronique*. His two volumes are, indeed, full to overflowing of entertaining matter, which only needs a somewhat more chronological arrangement to enhance its already considerable practical value.

The Essays of Sir Morell Mackenzie (Sampson Low & Co.), which his brother has collected from the various periodicals in which they originally appeared, show that it is not beyond the powers of a great specialist to bring the subjects of his special study within the comprehension of the general reader. The topics he discusses, even where technical in their nature, are capable of being regarded otherwise than from the purely medical aspect; and if this is the case with "Specialism in Medicine," "Medical Specialism—A Rejoinder" (*videlicet* to Dr. H. B. Donkin, by whom on behalf of the general physician Sir Morell's previous remarks had been traversed), and "The Use and Abuse of Hospitals," especially is it true of the essays which more nearly concern the special researches of the author. It must surely be of universal interest to read what the most eminent of "throat doctors" has to tell us, in simple language, free from all unnecessary technicalities, of "the two great forms of vocal utterance," speech and song. The most unscientific reader cannot but understand what is here set down of the mechanism and production of the voice, of the formation of the larynx, and of the transmutation of sound into speech. The leading differences between speech and song, between the speaking and singing voice, are propounded with admirable clearness and conciseness; for example—"In speech, the range of tone, even in the most excitable persons, hardly ever exceeds half an octave; in singing the average compass is two octaves. Singing tends to preserve purity of language, the rules which govern the utterance of every note also affecting the articulate element combined with it, and keeping the words cast in fixed forms—a stereotype of sound, if I may venture the metaphor. Speech, on the other hand, like handwriting, is always changing." "Speech not only tends to split language into dialects, but each dialect is being continually, though imperceptibly, modified, not only in construction, but in pronunciation. The pronunciation of an Englishman of Chaucer's days would be unintelligible to us, whilst that of one of Shakespeare's contemporaries would be as strange to our ears as the accent of an Aberdeen fishwife is to the average Cockney." Especially interesting, also, are Sir Morell's views on "The Effect of Smoking on the Voice" and on "Exercise and Training," while as excellent specimens of his lighter mood of authorship we have records of two agreeable holiday trips in "Health-Seeking in Tenerife and Madeira," and "The New Yachting" (the latter an account of a cruise on an Orient line steamer to the Crimea).

To the Rev. C. H. Fielding's *Memories of Malling and its Valley* (West Malling: Henry C. H. Oliver) let us render in the first place the praise undoubtedly due to the work of a local archaeologist and a local publisher, who have so laboriously recorded the notable facts connected with an interesting neighbourhood. Had the author allowed topography to have any share with history in regulating the arrangement of his subject matter, his book would have gained in picturesque, and would have been more readily assimilated at

(6) *Réformateurs et publicistes de l'Europe.—Dix-huitième siècle.* Par Ad. Franck. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(7) *Madame Corentine.* Par René Bazin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

any rate by a stranger to the locality; as it stands he must, we fear, be content to see what is undoubtedly a monument of much patient research and archaeological learning obtain little honour save in its own country, though it may well be that its contents will some day prove valuable material in the hands of some historian more richly endowed with the gift of making dry bones live than is the Chaplain of Mallin Union. To inhabitants of the neighbourhood, the book is remarkably rich in extracts from the local registers, and in monumental inscriptions, while useful lists of the flora and fauna of Kent are appended. The general reader will, perhaps, find greater attraction in the quaint list of Kentish proverbs which further attest the author's industry. If this rural district has found a chronicler somewhat unnecessarily serious in tone, the ancient City of Bristol may be commiserated on having fallen into the hands of a compiler of comic copy who had apparently based such style as he possesses on the humours of American journalism blended with the pun-making of a school of native wit now happily defunct. When we read at the outset that the author of *Greater Bristol* (Pelham Press) desired to bear evidence, not in *camerâ*, to the obliging disposition of Bristol photographers, for whose negatives he was positively grateful, we began to suspect what we were in for; nor did further acquaintance alter our views, or cause us to feel any regret that our anonymous author had said his say about St. Mary Redcliffe Church in little over three lines, while devoting some ten pages to describe the establishment of a corset-maker (dubbed, with his usual happiness of diction, "one of the main-stays of Bristol's commercial importance"), although under other circumstances we might gladly have seen those proportions reversed.

Mrs. G. Linneus Banks may be congratulated on having achieved the well-nigh impossible feat of breaking fresh ground with an historical story. Her *Bond Slaves: the Story of a Struggle* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) is a romance of the Luddite Riots, and recalls episodes stirring enough at the time.

We have from Swan Sonnenschein & Co. three handbooks dealing with pressing questions of the day in *The Eight-Hours' Question*, by John M. Robertson; *Drunkenness*, by G. R. Wilson; and *The Feeble-Minded, Child and Adult*, all agreeably moderate in tone, and distinguished for impartiality even in matters of much controversy. *The Blind Artist's Pictures*, and *other Stories*, by Nora Vynne, are scarcely worthy, perhaps, of the dignity of a separate volume; but, where there is nothing particularly to praise, there is certainly less to single out for blame. *Moby Dick*; or, *the White Whale*, and *White Jacket*; or, *the World in a Man-of-War* (Putnam's Sons), are two stories of the sea by the great American nautical novelist, Herman Melville.

We have also received *Doña Luz*, by Juan Valera (Wm. Heinemann); *The Nations Round Israel*, by Annie Keary (Macmillan & Co.), a very welcome reprint; *The Food of Plants*, by A. P. Laurie (Macmillan & Co.); *At the North of Bear Camp Water*, being the chronicles of a stroller in New England from July to December, by Frank Bolles (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.); Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Books I. and II. (Clarendon Press Series), edited, with introduction and notes, by H. C. Beeching and E. K. Chambers (Oxford: Clarendon Press); Schiller's *William Tell*, translated, with an introduction and notes, by Major-General Patrick Maxwell (Walter Scott, Limited); *Old John, and other Poems*, by T. E. Brown (Macmillan & Co.); *The Bookman*, Vol. III. (Hodder & Stoughton); and, lastly, the *Waverley Novels* (Border edition), *The Heart of Midlothian*, with introduction and notes by Andrew Lang (J. C. Nimmo), 2 vols.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to MESSRS. R. ANDERSON & CO., 14 Cockspur Street, or to the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

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PARIS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in Paris every Saturday from Messrs. BOYVEAU & CHEVILLET, 21 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at Messrs. GALIGNANI'S, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at Le KIOSQUE DUPERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, and Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LYCEUM.—Mr. HENRY IRVING, Lessee and Manager. To-day (Saturday) at Two, "BECKETT." To-night (Saturday) at 8.15, LOUIS XI. "BECKETT," by ALFRED LORD TENNYSON. Every Night except Saturdays, at 8.15. MATINEES of "BECKETT" next Saturday, April 22, and Saturdays, April 29 and May 6, at Two o'clock.

THE LYONS MAIL, next Saturday night, April 22, and Saturday, April 29. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

CRYSTAL PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION, OPEN DAILY. No extra charge. Optical Lantern Entertainments in Theatre every Evening at 6, during Exhibition, under direction of Charles W. Hastings. Lantern under management of S. G. Buchanan Wollaston. Selections from Competition Slides, including Flower Studies, Hoar Frost Scenes, Cloud Effects, Architectural Subjects, Seascapes, Landscapes, &c. Pianist, Miss Louisa Fyde. 1,500 Free Seats; Reserved Seats, Sixpence. Palace open 10 till 9.15.

INDIA AND CEYLON, by JOHN VARLEY.—An EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS will open at the JAPANESE GALLERY, 28 New Bond Street, W., on Monday, April 17.

LAST THREE WEEKS.

THE GRAFTON GALLERIES,

GRAFTON STREET, BOND STREET, W. The FIRST EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURE, by living British and Foreign Artists, NOW OPEN to the Public. Admission, One Shilling. 10 to 6.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk Street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling. ROBERT MORLEY, Hon. Secretary.

THE HIBBERT LECTURE, 1893.—A COURSE OF SIX LECTURES on "THE BASES OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF" will be delivered by the Rev. C. B. UPTON, B.A., B.Sc., Lecturer on Philosophy in Manchester New College, Oxford, on the following days, viz.:—Tuesday, 22nd, and Thursday, 27th, April; and Tuesday, 2nd, Thursday, 4th, Tuesday, 11th, and Thursday, 13th, May, at 5 P.M. Admission to the Course of Lectures will be by ticket, without payment. Persons desirous of attending the Lectures are requested to send their names and addresses to Messrs. WILLIAMS & NORGATE, 15 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C., not later than April 22nd, and as soon as possible after that date tickets will be issued to as many persons as the Hall will accommodate.

The same Course of Lectures will also be delivered by Mr. UPTON at 30 HIGH STREET, OXFORD, in cases of scholars requiring it, on the following days, viz.:—Monday, 25th, and Monday, 1st, Wednesday, 3rd, Monday, 5th, and Wednesday, 10th, May, at 5 P.M. Admission to the Oxford Course will be free, without ticket.

FERCY LAWFORD, Secretary to the Hibbert Trustees.

EDUCATIONAL.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, and NATURAL SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS. Nine or more open to competition at Midsummer, 1893, value from £25 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £2 a year in case of scholars who require it. Further particulars from the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY, The College, Clifton, Bristol.

DENSTONE COLLEGE.—There will be an EXAMINATION, on April 19, for EXHIBITIONS, reducing the School dues to £25 14s. a year. Candidates must be under fifteen years of age. For further information apply to the HEAD-MASTER, or to the SECRETARY, Denstone College, Staffordshire.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS, 1893. Two of £20, one of £50, and one of £40. Examination begins July 15.—For further particulars apply to the Rev. the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

CHELTEMHAM COLLEGE.—The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on May 30, 31, and June 1. Eleven Scholarships at least of value ranging between £20 and £30 per annum will be awarded. Chief subjects, Classics and Mathematics. Candidates must be under fifteen.—Apply to the SECRETARY, The College, Cheltenham.

ROYAL INDIAN ENGINEERING COLLEGE, COOPERS HILL, STAINES.

THE COURSE OF STUDY is arranged to fit an ENGINEER for employment in Europe, India, or the Colonies. About FORTY-FIVE STUDENTS will be admitted in September 1893. For Competition the Secretary of State will offer TWELVE Appointments in the Indian Public Works Department and TWO in the Indian Telegraph Department. For particulars apply to the SECRETARY, at the College.

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An Examination will be held on September 26, 1893, and succeeding days, for the awarding of the following:—

1. A Scholarship of £75 for one year to the best candidate in Chemistry and Physics who is under twenty-five years of age.
2. A Scholarship of £75 for one year to the best candidate in Biology (Animal and Vegetable) and Physiology who is under twenty-five years of age.
3. A Scholarship of £150 and the Preliminary Scientific Exhibition of £50, each tenable for one year, in Physics, Chemistry, Vegetable Biology, and Animal Biology. Candidates for these must be under twenty years of age, and must not have entered to the Medical or Surgical Practice at any Medical School.
4. A Scholarship of £25 for one year in Latin and Mathematics, with any one of the languages—Greek, French, and German (Classical) or in Matriculation at Univ. of London, June 1893. Candidates must not have entered at any Medical School.

The successful candidates in all cases will be required to enter to the full course at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in the October succeeding the Examination.

For full particulars, apply to Dr. T. W. SHORS, Warden of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.

THE SUMMER SESSION will begin on Monday, May 1, 1893. The Hospital contains a service of 750 beds (including 75 for convalescents at Swanley). Students may reside in the College, within the Hospital walls, subject to the Collegiate regulations.

SCHOLARSHIPS and PRIZES of the aggregate value of over £700 are awarded annually, and Students entering in May can compete for the Entrance Scholarships in September. For full particulars apply to the WARDEN of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C. A Handbook forwarded on application.

April 15, 1893.]

The Saturday Review.

GUYS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

The SUMMER SESSION COMMENCES on May 1, and Students then entering are eligible for the Open Scholarships offered for competition on September 20 and the two following days.

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